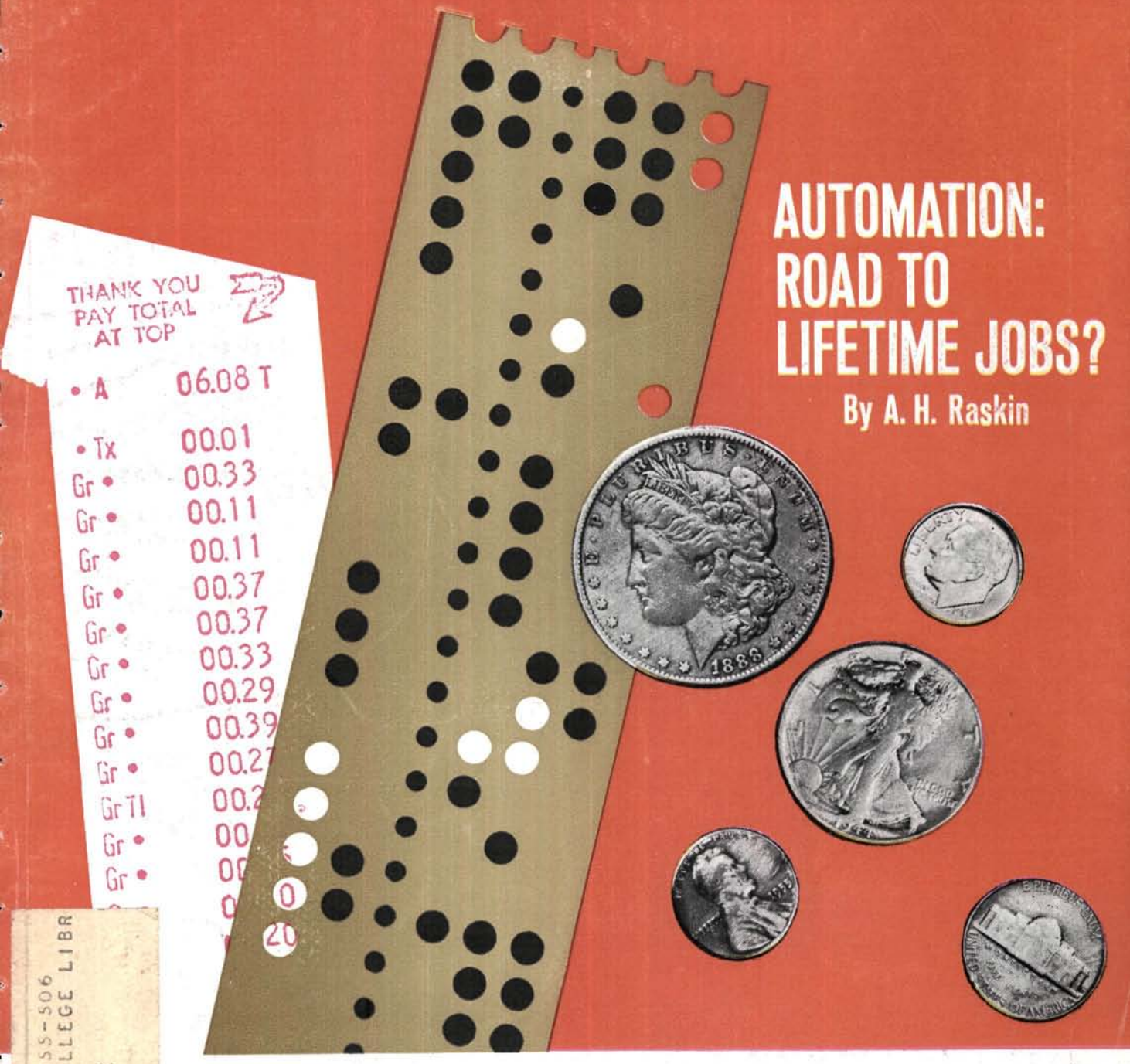
Saturday Review

November 28, 1964 25¢



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THE WORLD OF WANDA LANDOWSKA

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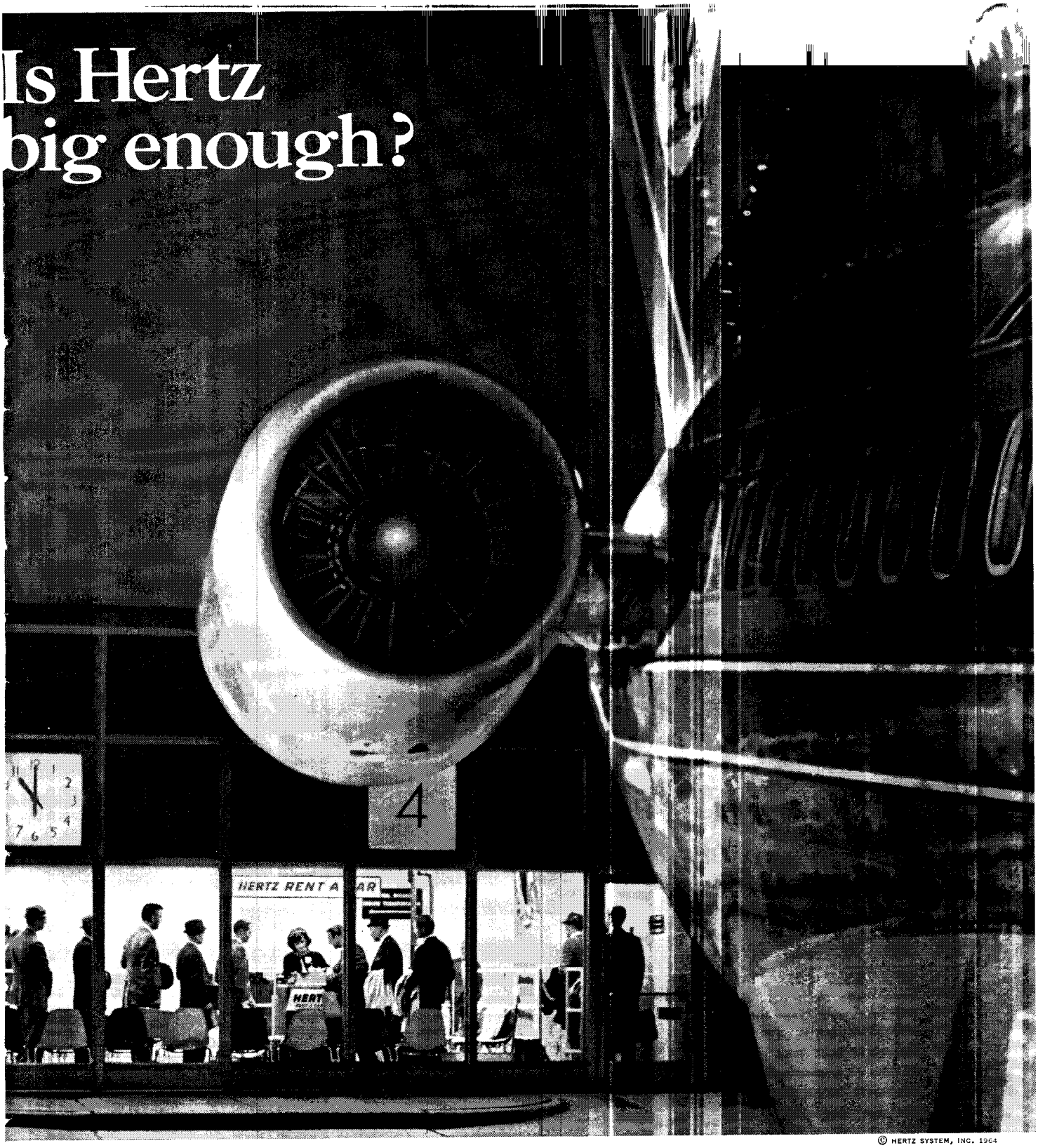

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Cover design by Pageant Studio

SR: Ideas

14 Automation: Road to Lifetime Jobs? by A. H. Raskin
17 Publishing's Past 50 Years: A Balance Sheet—Part II, by Alfred A. Knopf
18 China and the Bomb: An Editorial

SR: Recordings

43 The World of Wanda Landowska, by Irving Kolodin
46 Clare Fischer: The Pan-American Way, by Robert Farris Thompson

SR: Books

21 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
21 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

6 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon
8 As It Happens, by Fred Sparks
10 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller
12 After the Election, by Elmo Roper
13 Top of My Head, by Goodman Ace
19 Letters to the Editor
22 Literary Crypt
26 The Fine Arts: Katharine Kuh on *The Diaries of Paul Klee*
28 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews *Youngblood Hawke*
29 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes appraises *Luv*
30 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon on courtroom drama
31 As Others See Us, by James F. Fixx
34 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin reviews *Les Sylphides* and *Don Pasquale*
35 Literary I.Q.
74 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1599

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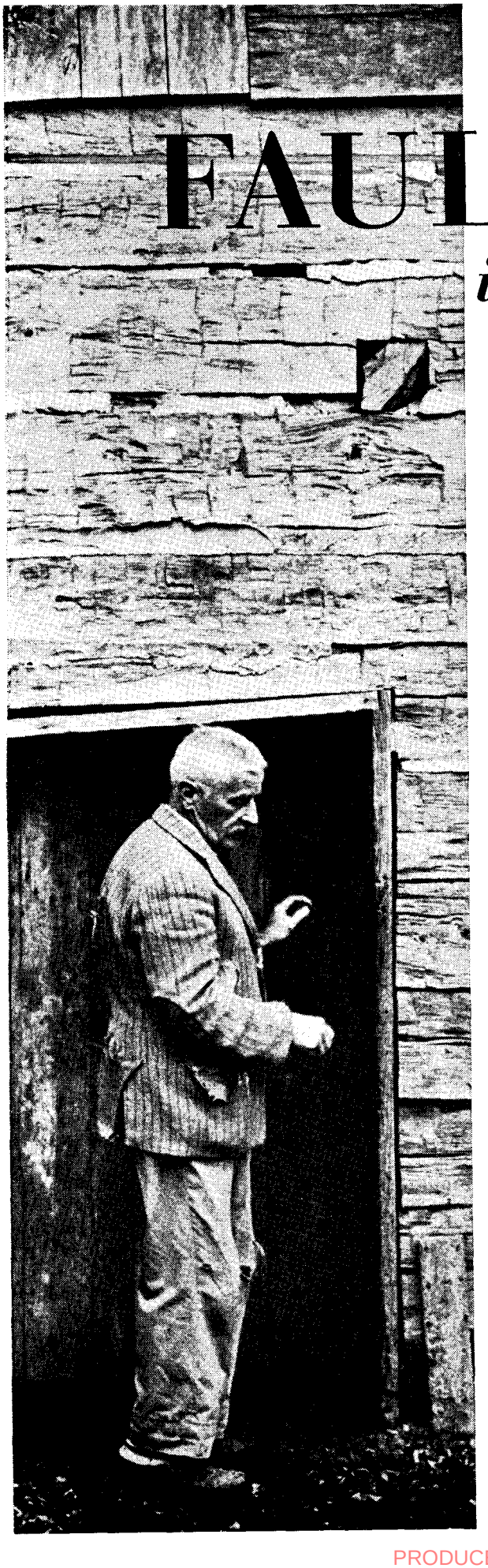

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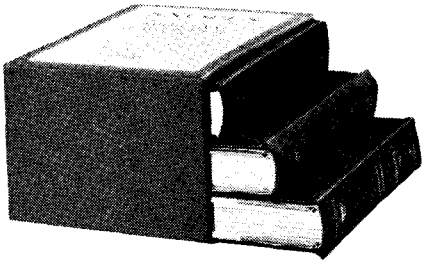

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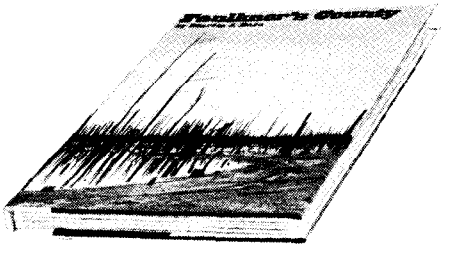

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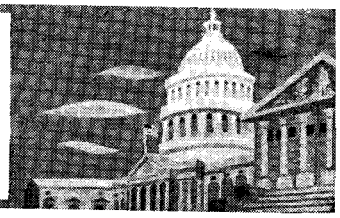

Financial Brinkmanship at the U.N.

THE UNITED NATIONS, at the opening of its 19th General Assembly on December 1, will be faced with what might be called "financial brinkmanship." Even before it can conduct any business, it will have to decide whether the Soviet Union should lose its vote in the General Assembly for refusing to settle the assessments for the Congo and Middle Eastern "peace-keeping" operations. The two-years' grace is up and the United States is determined to force the issue to a showdown vote in the General Assembly. The Russians have been arguing that these assessments are "illegal," that they were not authorized by the Security Council, and that if the issue were pressed to a vote and they lost, they would walk out of the United Nations.

At issue is whether the United Nations should continue to have enough muscle to carry out so-called peace-keeping functions, or whether it should be reduced to a debating society.

There never was much love lost for the United Nations in the Kremlin. Its leaders harbor an inborn mistrust of international organizations in which a majority could override Soviet national interests. Hence the Russians' consistent emphasis on the Security Council with its veto procedure, and their frequent use of this procedure to frustrate any decision they find unpalatable. Yet despite earlier threats to walk out, the Soviet Union has never done so because on balance it has found the United Nations a useful propaganda forum.

American policy makers who advocate the showdown are therefore convinced that, forced to the brink, the Soviet Union will find a way to step back from it.

The concept of financial brinkmanship is the result of an unusual alliance between the "hard-nosed" experts and those idealists and crusaders for the United Nations who see the organization threatened by Soviet tactics. Their case is based on Article 19 of the United Nations Charter and a nine-to-five recommendation of the World Court. The article states that members owing the equivalent of two years' past contributions "shall have no vote" in the Assembly. The Soviet debt of $52,600,000 to the United Nations does not relate to delinquency in membership dues; it relates to the refusal to make any contribution to the costs of the United Nations Congo and Middle Eastern forces.

France and several other members will be similarly in default after January 1.

Up to now the United States has made up most of the deficit, not only to prevent a serious financial crisis in the U.N., but also because, on the whole, the United Nations peace-keeping operations have been a useful supplement to American foreign policy.

For U Thant, the U.N. Secretary General, this crisis is an exceedingly awkward situation, and one that would have bewildered even Solomon. He clearly must want his organization to be able to play an active and constructive role in international fire prevention; hence he probably views the American position sympathetically. At the same time he must be anxious to find a compromise solution. But there is little he can do as long as the test of strength between the United States and the Soviet Union continues. This is a test wherein both are exerting themselves to influence the General Assembly—the Soviets by threatening to walk out of the United Nations, the United States by threatening to withhold its pledges for U.N. technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries.

If a compromise is not found before the opening of the Assembly (and as of this writing both sides insist they are determined to go the "brink"), last year's president of the General Assembly will have to put the issue to a vote, based on a routine communication from the Secretary General regarding members in arrears with payments and thus in conflict with Article 19. The General Assembly would therefore be confronted with this crisis before it could get down to any other business. It could not even vote in a new president.

At present the United States appears to have a large enough vote for its case. It is not an impressive backing because in such controversial matters there are always nations that prefer not to take sides; still, it could be as much as a two-thirds majority. Of the 112 member nations, as many as fifty would probably abstain. The Communist bloc, somewhat isolated, would vote against and the rest of the membership, another fifty, would vote with the United States.

This would leave the Russians with

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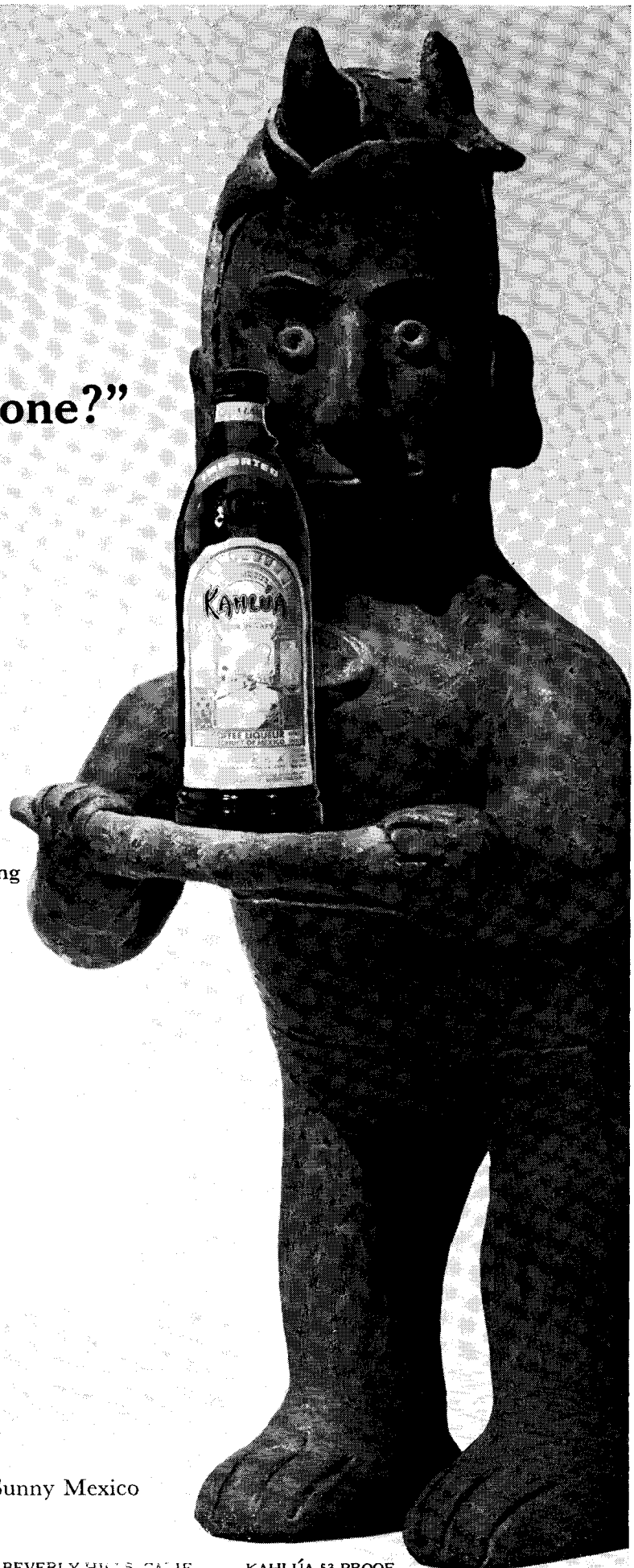
"Kahlúa, anyone?"



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the choice of paying up or walking out. However, if they see that the Assembly is likely to reject their case, I doubt that the Soviet Union will allow matters to go as far as a vote. Then, too, it would be surprising if the United States were not open to compromise suggestions should the Soviet Union show signs of flexibility.

Whatever the outcome, it is certain that an operation on the scale of the U.N. intervention in the Congo will not be attempted again; lesser operations will in many cases be financed from outside the United Nations, as was done in West Irian, Yemen, and Cyprus. Yet it is important that the United Nations should have the means to carry out these police duties when it is absolutely necessary that they do so.

EVEN if in the past most of these police missions have been more in tune with American than with Soviet foreign policy, there may be future opportunities when United Nations intervention could also be useful to the Soviet Union —for instance, in border disputes in the Far East or in stabilizing India's borders.

Some delegates feel that one way out of the dilemma is for Moscow to offer a financial contribution to help the solvency of the United Nations; others think that if it were possible to agree on improved procedures for the future, it ought to be possible to settle the disputes about the past.

Like all operations in "brinkmanship," this one, too, is risky; but on balance, the American calculation that more is at stake for the Russians is probably correct.

In the end much will depend on the pressures exerted by the Afro-Asian bloc, much on the deftness with which the United States plays its cards. The problem for the Russians is that new leadership may not find it easy to accept a compromise that could be interpreted as retreat; yet they may find it even harder to take so drastic a step as walking out of the General Assembly.

Still, it should not be beyond their wit to save themselves from the brink.

—HENRY BRANDON.

As It Happens

The U.N. will find it harder than ever to collect from Russia. The Kremlin can say: "We're no longer responsible for debts incurred by Nikita Khrushchev."

Even a bull market has problems. As the year ends, a friend complains he hasn't a single stock to sell for a tax loss.

Girl school dropouts would cease if teachers looked like Mr. Novak.

Today's crop of muckrakers, who find fault in everything, recalls Jimmy Walker's remark: "A reformer is a man who travels through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat."

Everybody wants to go South this winter except the Vietnamese general staff. They want to go North.

A friend, watching two matrons study notices outside a theater one afternoon, heard one say: "I don't want a message at a matinee."

Stocks of companies making birth control pills are up, baby furnishing stocks are down. It figures.

Saigon has already hinted what it wants for Christmas. The U.S. Marines.

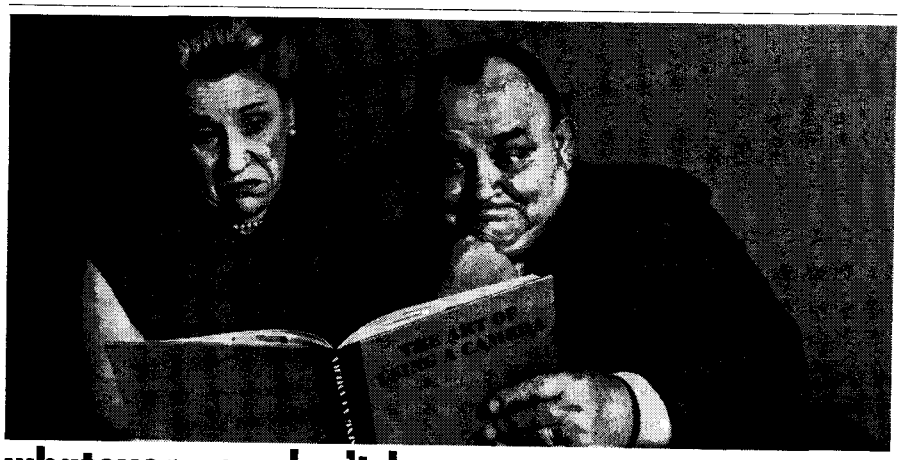
Cornell University estimates even a moderate-sized wedding now costs $1,000 to $1,500. No wonder modern parents don't complain if their daughter elopes.

The airlines are worrying about the cost of in-flight movies. That could easily be covered by popcorn concessions.

Playboy is a blessing for artists who can't afford models.

Experts assure us Red China hasn't the nuclear capacity to destroy more than one major city. It would help urban redevelopment plans if we knew which one.

—FRED SPARKS.



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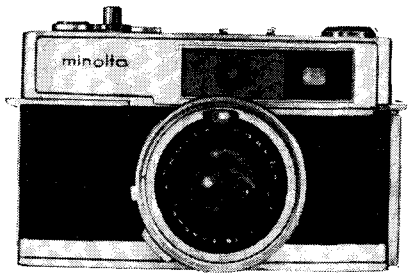

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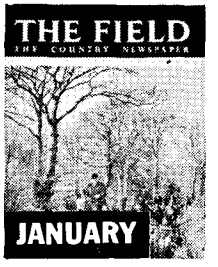

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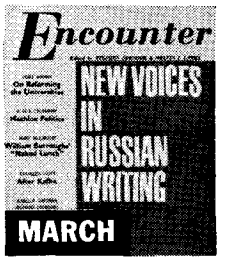

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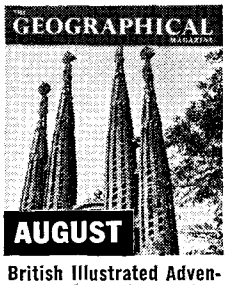

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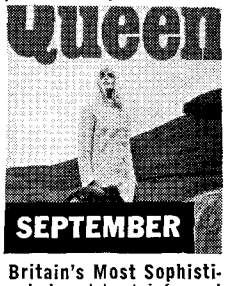

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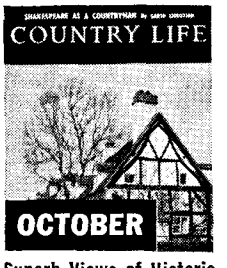

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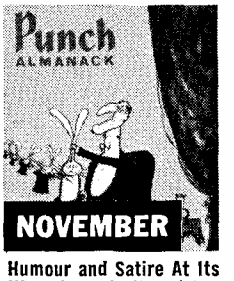

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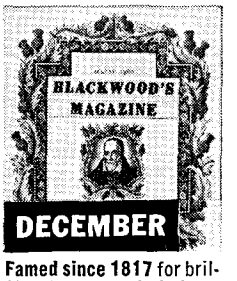

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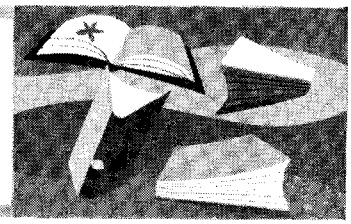
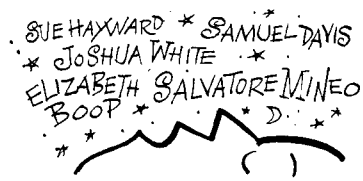
Trade Winds



Let no one think for a minute that the reservoir of games for insomniacs is going dry. *SR* readers have been flooding this desk with enough brain-twisters to cause an epidemic of hollow, sunken eyes and ashen cheeks.

Actor Chester Morris wrecks many of his sleeping hours by engaging in a game called Non-Nicknames. It's simple



enough, if you hate sleep. All you do is wonder about how many famous celebrities would be practically unrecognizable on a hotel register if they signed in with their full names: Daniel Kaye, John Benny, John Paar, Burton Lancaster, Chester Huntley, Harry Crosby, Edward Sullivan, Peter Berra, Anthony Randall, and so on. But, Mr. Morris notes, the same effect holds if the thinking is reversed: Al Lunt, Betty Taylor.

Ralph Cokain, of New York, has his own method of wrecking his rest. He uses a game he calls Cross-Breed, in which you cross a few unlikely categories and come up with something entirely new. Examples: Cross a British nobleman with a suitmaker. Result—Lord & Taylor. Cross the Pentagon with United Parcel Service. Result—General Delivery. Cross a slide fastener with a telegraph operator. Result—Zip code.

In San Francisco, John Coulthard walks the floor at night with a game he calls Limericryptograms. Example:

Aim aid din Abe you teepee raid
Haddock cost tomb inn witchy Dis played
Al ursine aweigh
Two inn, "Hippo ray!"
Diddle Ottoman scree, "Mitts sew Kay!"

Translation:

A maid in a beauty parade
Had a costume in which she displayed
Allures in a way
To win, "Hip hooray!"
Did a lot o' men scream, "It's okay!"

In Winnipeg, Canada, Marian Forer stares at the ceiling, wondering how, if lawyers are disbarred, and priests unfrocked, other people in other walks of life might be read out of their callings.

Examples: Electricians get delighted; musicians denoted; cowboys deranged; models deposed; judges distorted. What's more, mediums are dispirited; dressmakers unbiased; Far Eastern diplomats disoriented; office workers defiled.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Marion Stewart systematically upsets her sleeping cart with a game called Unlikely Enterprises. After a long drive along commercial strips, she has come up with such commercial establishments as Hiawatha's Bavarian Hut, Svenson's Hacienda, Luigi's Igloo, McTavish's Villa, and Stumpf's Chateau, not to mention O'Rafferty's Hofbrau, Ginocopoli's Smorgasbord, de Beaupre's Fish & Chips, and Cassidy's Samovar. Going in a bit stronger for contradictions, she has devised such eating spots as Tiny's Imperial Palace and Thruway-Vue Hideaway.

In Boulder, Colorado, Dorothy Beers manages to while away the hours until dawn by trying to find two words or expressions, one containing the word "up" and the other "down." Examples: shut up, pipe down; upbraid, dress down; lay down one's life, give up the ghost; downcast, upset; close down, fold up; turn one's nose up at, look down one's nose at. And if all this isn't enough, Mrs. Beers concludes with: "Can you think of any words beside 'raze' and 'raise' that sound the same but have opposite meanings?"

Urbana, Illinois, is the place where Victor Lukas and F. K. Plous, Jr., sit up half the night finding words in which the first half of a noun is a verb, and the second half is that same verb's direct object. Examples: Breakfast, killjoy, passport, turncoat, cutthroat, scofflaw.

"Nowadays," they write, "such terms seem to get turned around, with the object preceding and the verb following, and an 'er' tacked on to the end—such as 'penny-pincher.' And not only did Shakespeare use such terms—but his own surname falls into the same category."

In Cedarhurst, New York, Walter Gelles challenges Morpheus with a game called Bibliography. For a math term paper, he has devised such unlikely books as: *How to Trap a Zoid, From Here to Infinity, Six Ways to Serve*

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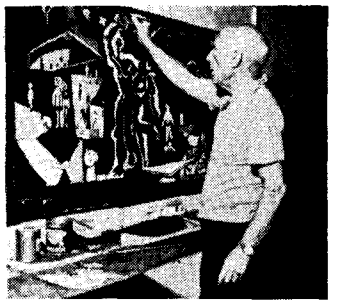
The Art of Giving



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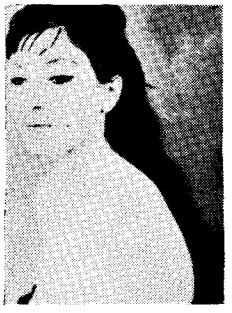

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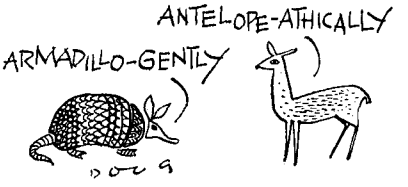
DOUBLEDAY

Pi, Don't Be a Square, and *Knowing the Angles.*

In New York City, Jack Cornwall leaves his bedside lamp on to work on a game called Hollywood Columnist. His mythical columns run something like this: "Dinah Shore last week gave a big swim party welcoming Turhan Bey back to Hollywood. Present were Ernie Banks, Larry Rivers, Veronica Lake, Lily Pons, and Geraldine Brooks. It was quite a fling until Gail Storm blew in with Claude Rains, C. P. Snow, and Curt Flood. . . . Robert Trout was out on the town last night at the Cape Cod Room with Saul Bass and Newton Minow. They were accompanied by Peter Finch, Dean Martin, Anthony Quayle, and Walter Pidgeon, all preparing to fly to Miami."

In Great Neck, New York, thirteen-year-old Sandy Landsman is getting circles under his eyes with his game called Cinepuns. He suggests a documentary film about a rough boat ride between Switzerland and Germany called *Days of Rhine and Woeses,* and a new *Irma La Douce* called *A Distant Strumpet.*

In Newfields, New Hampshire, the Reverend and Mrs. E. F. Stoneham stay awake long after the town has gone to



sleep with their game, Speaking Zoologically. "The rules are obvious, and can be changed at will," they note. Examples: Pelican-tankerously, giraffeably, elephant-tastically, kangaroo-fully.

And going back to a previous game we covered in TRADE WINDS, called Reporter (I'm Behind, of the *Times,* I'm Bookkeeper, of the *Ledger*), Jack Gardner, of Newport Beach, California, writes: "When awarding Fullertzer Prizes, do not overlook the wire service reporters. I nominate Tarzan, of the AP."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1598)

ALAN VILLIERS:

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(Suggested by Mrs. Gordon Ringgold)

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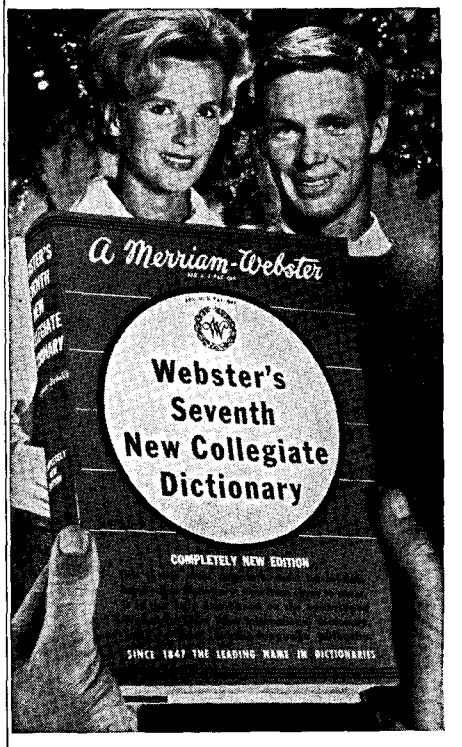
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After the Election

By ELMO ROPER

NOW THAT the election is behind us, its outcome seems to have been inevitable from the beginning, as sure as the American public's basic desire for the middle of the road. The voters' decision was overwhelming, but the real question is: What did it mean?

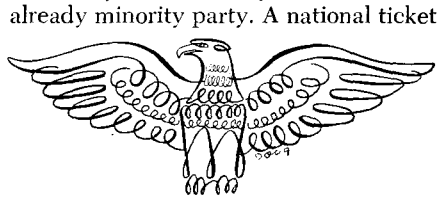
Perhaps the way to begin is with what the election did not mean. Post-election editorials to the contrary, it did not settle, once and for all, the strength of conservatism in America. It failed to do this because too many crosscurrents blurred the issues, so that many conservative Republicans ended up voting for Johnson as the less trigger-happy candidate, while other long-time Republicans of both conservative and liberal persuasion decided to stay with their party despite their lack of enthusiasm for its candidate. Nor did the election dispose of the backlash. We know no more than we did a few months ago about the proportion of whites who resent Negro advances. The backlash was there, enough to carry five Southern states. It was there in the North, too, but was counteracted by the much stronger emotions aroused by more primary issues: the keeping of peace and prosperity. If the 1964 election clarified anything, it was simply the public's overriding desire for responsible leadership. The outcome was a victory for no philosophy of government, but the expression of faith in a man. Here are some of the things it implies for the future:

First, for the Democrats and for the nation, it means that President Johnson no longer needs to feel that he only inherited the Presidency. He has won it on his own, and by a much greater margin than President Kennedy's four years ago. (His margin of victory was greater in *each* of twenty-two states than Kennedy's was in the entire nation.) Having won, if not a mandate on the issues, a clear vote of confidence in his ability to handle them, he can proceed with a full sense of having earned his position of leadership. In addition he should be able to extend that leadership effectively in the 89th Congress, not just because of its Democratic majorities but because of his own part in creating these majorities. Had it not been for Johnson, such Democratic Senators as Young, Yarborough, Cannon, Proxmire, and Robert Kennedy, who ran far behind the national ticket, would probably not be there at all.

All this does not mean that the President can relax. On the contrary, it means that he will have the greatest opportunity to put across his program granted to any President since Roosevelt in 1936, and, therefore, the greatest obligation. Given President Johnson's demonstrated legislative talents, the very highest achievement will be expected—even demanded—in the forthcoming session of Congress.

BUT if this election paves the way for a period of constructive domestic legislation, it will also allow the President to turn his attention to the even more pressing problems of world affairs. While the country was preoccupied with a somewhat irrelevant campaign, crises were cropping up all over the world. The disintegration of the NATO alliance, which has been going on apace for the last four years, has reached the proportions of the most serious problem facing the free world. We have handled our most precious asset—the unity of the free world—with a lack of boldness and imagination that has brought NATO to the brink of disaster. This crisis among our closest allies, as well as the more recent deterioration in Southeast Asia, will require the full resourcefulness of the new Administration. The weeks to come will test severely the President's ingenuity, decisiveness, and powers of conciliation. He is fortunate in his Vice President, for Hubert Humphrey is a real "pro," with a profound grasp of foreign affairs. At this writing it seems likely that Humphrey will be sent to Europe to help heal the Atlantic breach. There is no man better qualified for the task—and no task more in need of a man with vision.

For the Republicans—and for the nation—very different tasks and problems lie ahead. A great many good Republicans went down to defeat under the Johnson landslide, including men with long and distinguished careers such as Kenneth Keating as well as promising newcomers like Robert A. Taft, Jr., and Charles Percy. While some of these careers may be salvaged, the divisiveness and ineffectiveness of the Goldwater candidacy has seriously weakened the already minority party. A national ticket that could carry only one state in which the Republicans have been a significant force, and five in which Republicans have never been close to the seats of power, has provided no base on which to build. And so the building will have to come from Republicans not closely identified with this year's candidate, the liberals and moderates who either were not up for re-election this year, or who survived the Democratic tide. Perhaps the real glimmer of hope in this election lies in the public's readiness to distinguish between Republicans and to give what they considered exceptional candidates their solid backing. If survival of the fittest means anything at all, this year's survivors should be able men indeed. Out of the ashes of national defeat have emerged some powerful Republican vote-getters, men like Representative Lindsay of New York and Governors Romney of Michigan, Evans of Washington, and Chafee of Rhode Island. It is worth noting that each of these men exhibited a distinct public coolness to the Goldwater-Miller ticket.



These men, along with more narrowly elected Republicans such as Senator Scott and Governor Volpe, must join with such leaders as Governors Rockefeller, Scranton, and Hatfield, and Senators Case, Javits, Kuchel, Carlson, Cooper (and others, of course) to face the staggering task of rebuilding their party. They must unite to begin the difficult work of regaining party control from the precinct level up and reforming their party to make it a meaningful alternative to the Democrats. I say these moderates must assume this task because any student of public opinions polls over the past thirty years must be impressed with the fact that the temper of our people is clearly out of step with extremism—either of right or left. To say that the moderates must take over if the Republican Party is to be a powerful force, is, in my opinion, not a partisan statement—it is a glaring reality for all to see, except those who refuse to look.

Finally, the 1964 election has left us with more questions unanswered than answered. Did it—or did it not—usher in a two-party South? Will the politicians now try to make it easier—instead of harder—to split tickets? Did it teach responsible politicians—and the public—that we should never be faced with a choice between two extremes, only a choice between reasonable alternatives? Were the results a repudiation of racism, or only a postponement of the impact of the backlash to a non-Presidential election year? Would a constructive conservative who favored a slower speed of social change rather than a turning back of the clock fare better at the polls than Goldwater did this year? For the answers, we await future—and more enlightening—elections.

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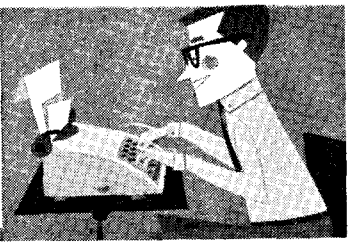
Top of My Head



The Critics

A CRITIC is best known by the bad reviews he writes. The good are oft interred with his bones. Actors have suffered the slings and shotguns of an outraged critic but only one actor took arms against this sea of trouble and sued him.

The critic was Heywood Broun. He once wrote that a certain thespian was the worst actor he had ever seen in all his years as a critic. The actor sued him for a large amount. While the case was dragging along in litigation the actor appeared in another play. Mr. Broun was in a spot. But his review was a simple one. He wrote of the actor: "He was not up to his usual standard."

Years ago a critic caught a performance of *King Lear*. He wrote: "He played the king as if he were afraid someone was going to play the ace."

Another critic once reviewed a performance of *Hamlet:* "There has been for some time a debate as to whether William Shakespeare or Sir Francis Bacon was the author. After last night's performance it may be finally determined by digging up the two graves. The one who turned over during the night was the author."

And a little more recently Herb Caen, a brilliant columnist in San Francisco, reviewed a night club performance of Ted Lewis and Sophie Tucker. He chronicled: "The two stars appeared in a finale of song in which they were purported to be married as Mr. and Mrs. Show Business. The audience threw orange blossoms, rice, and up."

Finally, another critic, whose name escapes me, although I know it as well as my own, saw a performance of the Broadway play *I Am a Camera*. His review was "No leica."

As a reviewer of television I honestly try to temper my judgment with kindness. And to demonstrate this Boy Scout attitude I would like to say that the best thing I saw on television this month was on radio. Sunday night a week ago I dusted off my radio set and watched the Chase and Sanborn 100th anniversary show. Do you stare at your radio the way I do at mine? It's nothing to worry about—just a hangover from TV. This show was a compilation of the golden age of radio in the 1930s and 40s. It was edited, cut, snipped, cleaved, sawed, hewed, and riveted together by a former top-drawer mass-media writer-producer, who unfortunately never had a choice of names but an echo, Mr. Carroll Carroll, now lending his talents to the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency.

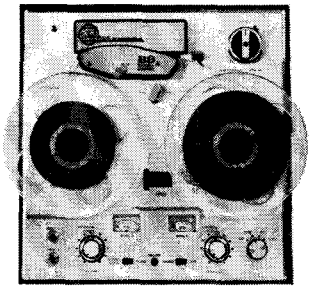
Well, I turned on the old set, shook out a few rattling "I'se regusteds" and "Vas you der, Sharlies," and found the old red network of NBC. And there was Jimmy Wallington announcing that this is the Chase and Sanborn hour. For the next fifty-five minutes I was swept up in nostalgic regalement by such fondly remembered old voices as the sweet and noble Fred Allen, the whimsical and alcoholic W. C. Fields, of Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee, Don Ameche, Margaret O'Brien, Ethel Barrymore, Ogden Nash, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Laughton, Mary Pickford, Alec Templeton—you name them, this show had them. And each had his moment or two with the redoubtable Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

Mr. Allen had come in answer to an ad Charlie McCarthy had run for a ventriloquist to take Bergen's place. Charlie asked him if he could throw his voice. Fred drawled: "Well, not exactly. I run it down one nostril and bank it off of the other. I make it the hard way." W. C. Fields was quite upset by Charlie. "Ahhhh," he whined, "I'll slice you into a Venetian blind. Charlie, was your father a gateleg table?" And Charlie said: "If he was, your father was under it."

And so it went. And so it was in the days of radio, when the audience was occupied only with listening. In television the audience is dazzled by fancy footwork, which consists mostly of sidestepping the written word. Mr. Carroll says he has enough of this tape to wrap a six-footer into a mummy. A better use would be to bring to radio a series of these shows. And a good time spot is the seven o'clock time spot before the audience moves over to the window box for prime-time TV. Otherwise our radio show would be throttled and thrown to the mat by a half-Nielsen.

—Goodman Ace.

One masterpiece deserves another



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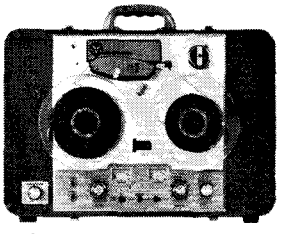

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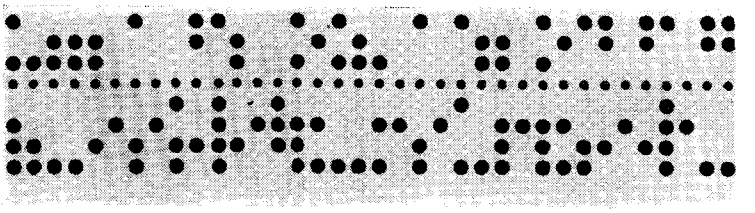
AUTOMATION:

Road to Lifetime Jobs?



A noted authority on American labor describes a growing movement that is revolutionizing man's relation to his work

By A. H. RASKIN

AUTOMATION, that most dreaded of job-killers in labor's Domesday Book, is proving a powerful union ally in moving toward the ultimate in job security. Lifetime income guarantees for industrial workers will be the next big goal on the bargaining front, with the first rounds likely to be fought in the negotiations covering a half-million steel workers early next year. Technological change, proceeding at an ever more meteoric pace, provides both the spur for these demands to safeguard earnings and the increased efficiency out of which the cost of extra protection must come.

If this union quest for total security sounds like a post-election confirmation that Barry Goldwater was right in his imprecations against "daddyism," that is chiefly because there is so little general awareness of the huge strides already made toward establishing lifelong income cushions for blue-collar workers in several of the country's most basic industries. The contracts signed this year in the major automobile companies and on the railroads added substantially to the arsenal of job protectors labor and management have been building up since the end of World War II. The hourly rated worker is still far from enjoying the career assurance of the average civil service employe, but the yo-yo swings that made his earnings and budget planning a constant gamble are now more moderate—and the trend is toward making them more moderate still.

Paradoxically, the drive to build defenses around the paycheck got its first big forward thrust from the union that, more than any other in the nation, has been turned into the skeleton of a union by automation. The breakthrough made by John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers in their successful 1946 campaign for an industry-financed pension and welfare fund set in motion a tide that swept across all large industries and most smaller ones as well. Since then mechanization and the competitive pressure of oil and natural gas have shrunk employment in the coal fields from 500,000 to a little more than a fifth of that and have forced a drastic scaling-down in the benefits Lewis pioneered through economy-shaking strikes.

ELSEWHERE the benefits have mushroomed. The concept that employers have an obligation to workers "too old to work and too young to die" has become just one facet of a unique system of social security under the union label that grows more inclusive with each cycle of collective bargaining. Programs of health, hospital, and life insurance, established to protect workers, have been extended to cover not only their wives and children but a broad range of convalescent and psychiatric services. At first the insurance bill was shared; now all or almost all the cost is carried by the industry.

The new auto agreements encourage early retirement, with the triple purpose of adding to the dignity of old age, insuring greater regularity of employment for the existing work force, and opening up more opportunities for youngsters entering the job market. A worker at General Motors, Ford, or Chrysler will receive 70 per cent of his normal pay, up to a maximum of $400 a month, if he chooses to retire at sixty. All he needs to qualify is ten years of service. Workers with thirty years on the payroll will be free to retire as early as age fifty-five at a stipend of $200 a month. When the original auto pension contracts were negotiated only fifteen years ago, the minimum retirement age was sixty-five and the benefit was $100 a month, including federal Social Security.

Inevitably, the acceptance of the idea that a worker's pay should be protected against the hazards of old age and sickness sparked a drive to have the boss put a third prop under employee income—this time to offset the hardship of unemployment by plugging some of the gap between standard wages and state job-insurance benefits. In 1955 Walter P. Reuther sought to stabilize the job relationship by making a guaranteed annual wage the United Automobile Workers' pivotal demand. He did not get precisely that, but the Big Three contracted to pay supplemental unemployment benefits. These now give idle production and maintenance workers $50 to $56 a week above their state payments for periods of up to a year. A companion program takes much of the financial punishment out of irregular work schedules. A worker called in to work less than forty hours a week is guaranteed three-quarters of his normal weekly wage. Similar unemployment buffers have been established in steel and other fields.

But the newest extension of the security principle is the one that carries blue-collar workers dramatically close to the promised land of lifetime jobs. Put in its starkest terms, this is the concept that no regular employee will be jolted off the payroll as a result of

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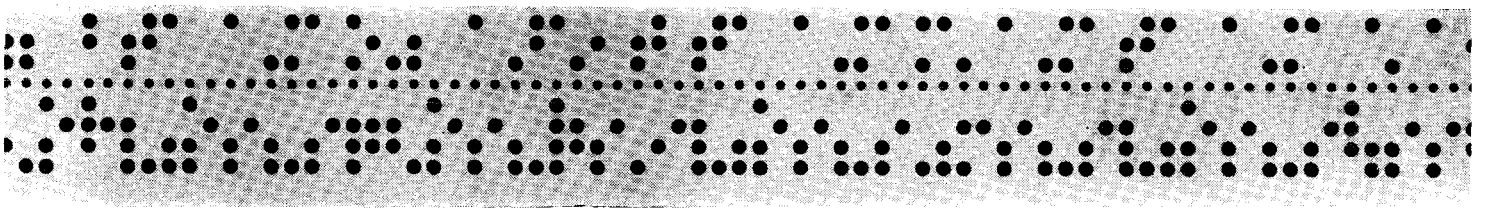

the labor savings made possible by technological innovation. There is nothing visionary about this concept, even in industries in which automation already has made substantial inroads into job requirements. It is now in effect on West Coast docks and in the Kaiser Steel Corporation's sprawling mill at Fontana, California, where management can be just as efficient as new technology permits—provided only that nobody is fired because a machine has taken his job. Somewhat more limited forms of the same security govern locomotive firemen and railroad shop employees, and within the next month or two it is probable that new contracts providing long-term assurance against job loss because of automation or revised industrial practices will also be concluded on the Atlantic and Gulf waterfronts and in other branches of railroad employment.

THE Kaiser plan, instituted after the disastrous steel strike of 1959, the longest and most costly in the industry's history, provides an ironclad assurance against the dismissal of any worker because of more efficient equipment or production methods. The job goes; the worker stays on the Kaiser payroll. If there is no other job to which he can be transferred right away, the worker is assigned to a reserve pool until there is a spot for him. He is guaranteed against any loss of income for a full year, even if he sits in the pool all that time doing nothing. After that he could be sent into a lower-rated job at lower pay, but the no-layoff guarantee would continue without time limit.

On the more positive side, the Kaiser formula gives the whole work force at Fontana a stake in higher productivity. Just under one-third of every dollar the company saves through increased efficiency goes into a fund to be divided every month among the workers. For 1964 the distribution will come to roughly $2,500,000 and it will be shared by 5,600 workers. About half the money goes to offset the cost at Fontana of extended vacations and other benefits that are standard in the basic steel industry; the rest is a progress-sharing plus for the Kaiser employees.

The underlying principle in the job-protection part of the Kaiser plan is that any shrinkage in the total number of workers at the plant must be the result of normal turnover—the departure of workers through death, retirement, or voluntary decision to seek a job somewhere else, without any forced layoffs. This insistence that automation not be allowed to shake out workers more rapidly than attrition will take up the slack has become a basic element in most union programs for cushioning the manpower impact of new technology.

The plan that shields Pacific Coast longshoremen against having to walk the job plank is just as unorthodox as the one at Kaiser. In two respects, perhaps, it deserves to be rated even more unusual. One is that by tradition no industry has been more indifferent to job security than the racket-encrusted waterfront, where selling jobs used to be the conventional hiring system. The second is that the union co-author of the plan was Harry Bridges, whose name is still synonymous with Communism and general strikes to millions of Americans.

Yet the five-and-a-half-year mechanization and modernization agreement that covers the West Coast ports has been hailed by the shipping companies as the most statesmanlike of labor contributions to the industry's economic health. It couples an assurance of full freedom for the employers to install new loading equipment with a guarantee to the members of Bridges's union, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, that no registered longshoreman will be fired. Every worker must receive at least thirty-five hours' pay each week, which means a weekly wage floor of $116, no matter how little work there is to do. Unionists who elect to retire at sixty-two get a monthly pension of $220. However, if the volume of shipping dips so low that a squeezeout of workers becomes necessary to maintain the income guarantee for those on the active list, retirement at sixty-two would become compulsory—but the benefit would go up to $320 a month.

THE moves toward lifetime employment on the railroads are of particular moment because so much of the push comes from the federal government that they amount almost to a government vote of confidence in attrition as the socially right answer to the job problems created by technological innovation.

Take the four-year dispute over featherbedding, which finally became so hopelessly snarled that Congress decided to adopt a special law sending it to compulsory arbitration—the first time that remedy had been used in the country's peacetime history. The federal arbitrators ruled that 90 per cent of the 40,000 jobs held by firemen on diesel locomotives were unneeded, but they reversed that ratio when it came to deciding how many should be fired. Fewer than 10 per cent were made subject to outright dismissal; all men with less than two years' employment or without regular ties to the industry—and even these were to get severance pay.

Nearly two-thirds of the firemen—a total of 26,000, with ten years or more of seniority—were frozen into their jobs with a commitment from the board that they could stay until they died, retired, or quit of their own accord. The others—10,500 men in the two-to-ten-year seniority bracket—were ordered kept on as firemen until the railroads could offer them comparable work in other fields. Those shifted to other work had to be given relocation expenses, full preservation of pension, vacation and seniority rights, and a guarantee that their an-

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nual earnings would not be cut for at least five years.

Since the compulsory arbitration award, some new yardsticks for job protection have been introduced by Presidential emergency boards in two other railroad controversies. One board was concerned with establishing safeguards for shopcraft employees—a group that has declined from 367,000 at the end of World War II to a present total of less than 149,000.

The board extended to technological displacement the same theory that regulates the Administration's wage-price guideposts. It held that public policy favored gearing the pace of joblessness caused by automation or increased managerial efficiency to the rate of growth of the general economy. Such a policy would establish a rough balance between job contraction and job expansion on an economy-wide basis, thus guarding against a pileup of the unemployed.

The specific formula incorporated in the new shopcraft agreement calls for giving the workers the same safeguards against loss of jobs because of technological or organizational changes that the railroads have been giving since 1936 to workers adversely affected by mergers. These include a five-year guarantee against any pay cut for those kept on the payroll and payment for five years to those laid off of a monthly allowance equivalent to 60 per cent of their old earnings.

The second Presidential board, passing on job stabilization for railway clerks, telegraphers, signalmen, maintenance-of-way and dining-car employees, went the first board one better. It decided that those made jobless or given lower-rated jobs because of a decline in business ought to have the same kind of protection the first board had established for those disadvantaged by automation. The recommendation is now the subject of bargaining between the rail unions and the carriers.

THE principal current testing ground in the march toward lifetime jobs is the East Coast waterfront, where the International Longshoremen's Association is staging a repeat performance of its biennial campaign to block the elimination of manpower waste. The government is holding out the lure of permanent job and income protection as an incentive for modernization.

A Presidential panel has proposed that the union agree to relatively modest cuts in manning requirements, in return for an assurance that all dock workers with a regular attachment to the industry will keep their jobs and get an income guarantee equal to at least 75 per cent of their old annual pay. Pensions and wages would go up as part of the package sweetening, but the union would have to authorize more flexibility in work assignments and tighter curbs on absenteeism. The employers have said yes to the government plan; the union is still saying no but there is some chance it will agree to a compromise formula before the present Taft-Hartley national emergency injunction expires on December 20. Whether Santa Claus brings an agreement or a strike to the Atlantic and Gulf ports, one thing is certain—whenever a contract is signed, it will contain lifetime job and income pledges for the longshoremen.

"You better not pick on us. We're taxpayers' sons."

It is against this backdrop that the United Steelworkers of America prepares to launch its 1965 drive for "complete career security" for its 1,120,000 members. Forecasting how successful the drive will prove is made more than normally difficult by the fact that its chief sponsor—David J. McDonald, the union's president—is having some career security problems of his own.

Three of his fellow officers are spearheading a palace revolt and they hope to depose him in a membership referendum next February. If McDonald is replaced by I. W. Abel, now the union's secretary-treasurer, the whole style and character of the union leadership will change, but not necessarily its emphasis on goals. The lifetime job campaign was voted by the union convention in September, and it will stand as a mandate to both factions.

Just what the mandate is supposed to mean in specific terms remains undefined. The steel union is not seeking a counterpart of the system under which about 40 per cent of Japan's industrial force works. This provides an assured job with a single employer from the time the worker leaves school. His pay rises with seniority rather than skill, and he receives educational and other benefits to help meet his family obligations. Many European countries have laws limiting an employer's freedom to cut back his employment rolls, but the steel union is not thinking in these terms, either.

Essentially, what the convention voted for was a plan under which anyone who had worked for a company long enough to be considered a permanent employee would have the certainty of an appropriate job opportunity and income for the rest of his work life. If technology changed the nature of the operation, it would be the responsibility of the company, alone or with government help, to provide retraining and a new job when the training was finished. If a plant closed, provision for continued wages, with or without another job, would again be the company's obligation. The fluctuations of the business cycle would be the boss's worry, not the worker's—he would have to get paid even when there were no orders.

One byproduct of the drive almost surely will be union pressure to pay factory workers on a weekly, rather than an hourly basis. IBM, which has no unions, is one of the few large industrial enterprises that now pay blue-collar em-

(*Continued on page* 68)

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PUBLISHING'S PAST 50 YEARS

A Balance Sheet—Part II

This is the second and concluding installment of an article by book publisher Alfred A. Knopf that began in last week's issue. It is adapted from this year's R. R. Bowker Lecture at the New York Public Library. The complete lecture is now available in pamphlet form from the library (Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018) at 25 cents a copy.

By ALFRED A. KNOPF

THE PUBLISHER'S advertising problem is greatly aggravated by what we have all agreed is true—too many books are published, most of them doomed in advance to a short and inglorious life.Gresham's law works here, too, and poor books undoubtedly tend to drive out good ones. Many a novel is dead the day it is published; many others survive a month or two or three. The sales of such books are always small, and what little advertising they get may be rendered doubly useless by the fact that the bookseller tends to return to the publisher his stock of slow-moving new books before they have had time to be exposed to very many potential customers. Indeed, the poor bookseller has to clear his shelves constantly of many, many new books in order to make room for the newer ones that are arriving every day.

Suppose we distribute 1,000 copies of a book in advance of publication. This is a far from uncommon figure, whatever the public may think. Say our income from these copies amounts to $3,000 dollars. (And I am assuming that all the thousand are sold, something that doesn't happen very often.) If a publisher spends 15 per cent of his income on advertising a new book, he is being fair to it and to its author, though by no means extravagant. Indeed, he frequently spends 20 per cent, 30 per cent, and even more. So in this case he starts out with a so-called budget for advertising of $750. What can he get for his money? Fifty years ago a page in *Publishers' Weekly* cost $25; today $385. A page in the *New York Times Book Review* now costs $2,360, against $320 in 1914. Forty years ago a page in *The Atlantic* cost $350, against $1,525 today, and forty years ago when it started publication the *Saturday Review* charged $200 for a page, against the rate today of $1,715. Of course the retail prices of books have risen greatly, too, but the sum the publisher has available to spend reflects this, since he has fixed it as a percentage of his income from the sale of the book. Our $750 (and to the cost of the space you must add the cost of the composition of the advertisements and the art work they may require) will pay for a single advertisement of respectable size in the *Times Book Review*. Such a "campaign" couldn't possibly sell any book and the publisher knows it. Why, then, does he throw good money after bad? Conscience, pride, the author, competing publishers, other authors, and agents. And his own feeling of frustration makes him feel he must do *something* for the book. But overproduction remains the basic cause of his difficulties. His books cannibalize one another. And even if he hasn't deliberately lowered his editorial standards (and he almost certainly has) he is still publishing more books than he can possibly do justice to. Yet all the editors on his staff are working every day to increase the size of his list. Of course, there are many good books that fail ingloriously. Perhaps they would under any conditions, but smaller lists would give them a better chance than they have now. At least the publisher could pay more attention to them.

The situation is also helped along, I believe, by the tremendous growth of the jackpot which the *very* successful writer wins. For a novel nowadays to earn $1,000,000 for its author is by no means unheard of. (Think of Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent*.) There's the sale of the original edition, say 100,000 copies at least; the paperback rights, which may bring the author $150,000 or more; book-club money, a motion-picture sale, and perhaps a dramatization on Broadway. Later on, television rights can be counted on to produce further income. And translation rights no longer are negligible as they were years ago. Thus the rich get richer and the poor get precious little. There is, of course, not the remotest connection between excellence and financial reward.

Another fact sets the publisher apart from most other advertisers: he does not own his product and is not free to dispose of it as he will. The author is his partner. Now, while I have no clear recollection of what publishers' advertising was like half a century ago, today much of it seems to be calculated to act on the reader more as an emetic than as a persuader. Everyone knows that masterpieces are few and far between. Yet the reader of *Publishers' Weekly* or the *New York Times Book Review* is asked on every hand to believe that they are a dime a dozen. No one feels embarrassed to buy Grade B rather than Grade A milk. But cows are not as vain as authors, and it is hard to imagine a publisher admitting frankly in an advertisement that one of his books by a living author is only Grade B—as if that were not most of the time clearly the case.

Times change and men deteriorate, and they deteriorate, I fear, even when times change for the better, as they most decidedly have in my day in the matter of censorship. Our first small list, that for the autumn of 1915, included a Polish novel, *Homo Sapiens*, by an author with the unpronounceable name of Przybyszewski. I have never reread it, but I am quite sure it was not a very good novel. I had a tiny office then in the Candler Building on West Forty-second Street, with only an office boy and a young assistant working for me. One day a stranger appeared and bought from my assistant, for cash, a copy of *Homo Sapiens*. A few days later I was summoned to appear in a magistrate's court, the complainant being John S. Sumner, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. I will not tell the whole of this story. Suffice it to say that in that first list of ours were a volume of four plays by the Frenchman Emile Augier and a collection of short stories by de Maupassant. The assistant district attorney, a Mr. Van Casteel, who was prosecuting the case, told the court that

(*Continued on page 69*)

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China and the Bomb

A SITUATION long dreaded has now materialized. China is producing atomic weapons. A nation whose foreign policy is based on the inevitability of war now knows how to make the explosives that could devastate a planet. We are well into the age of world nuclear proliferation.

American newspaper coverage of China's atomic test has given prominent attention to Secretary Rusk's prediction that it will be some years before Communist China will become a major nuclear power. Unfortunately, press and public seem to have drawn more reassurance from this statement than Mr. Rusk may have intended. The danger is a critical one for the world even though it may not mature for a few years. The essential question is not whether it will take China five or fifteen years to develop the means of destroying any nation on earth. The question rather is what do we do *now* by way of meeting or reducing that danger? What ideas or plans do we have *today* that we can put to work before the point of maximum peril is reached? Assuming we could find some way of getting through to the Chinese people, what would we say to them? A breathing spell is not quite the same as a plan for purposeful survival. A policy based on deferred danger can be acquiescence in a perilous drift. In sum, there is precious little reassurance and even less nourishment in the probability that Chinese nuclear strength will not peak for a few years.

One policy, easy to advance and even easier to cling to, is a policy based on nuclear superiority. This policy is not good enough. We may have ten thousand times the atomic power of China ten years from now, but this in itself is no assurance of security. The critical factor may be represented not by the comparative size of American and Chinese stockpiles but by the political and ideological leverage China possesses as the result of her nuclear capability. China's strategic exploitation of its nuclear muscle may be more significant in the long run than any specific atomic potency. Even in purely military terms, however, it is not necessary for China to equal or come remotely close to the size and might of American nuclear striking power in order to become a fearsome nuclear threat. It takes only a certain number of bombs to devastate a nation. The fact that we may have more than enough nuclear explosives to shatter every conceivable enemy several times over may be more impressive to us than it is to the Chinese, whose reckoning may be based on the number of bombs required to destroy their enemies just once rather than ten times over—or 500 times over. Overkill capacity, like a big paunch, may be comfortable to contemplate but may have limited practical application and it tends to get in the way. Instead of counting our bombs, we ought to be counting our ideas.

A second policy that will not work is the notion that we can achieve security by threatening overwhelming retaliation if the Chinese should make any misstep in our direction. It is naïve to suppose that a potential enemy would not already have taken this ultimatum into account. It is even more naïve to believe that the response of the potential enemy will not be to issue an even sterner atomic ultimatum of his own. Nor can we proceed on the assumption that all sides concerned can be counted upon to draw back if a crisis should bring them to a point of nuclear confrontation. It may be well to recall that one of the main items in the Chinese indictment of Nikita Khrushchev was that he backed down in Cuba. The Chinese contended that the Americans would never have dared to go to war over Cuba. Mr. Khrushchev, they said, was an appeaser. The Chinese were wrong about the United States, and it is possible we may be equally wrong about them if our policy is based on the assumption that they will draw back from the nuclear brink in any crisis involving what they think are their national or ideological interests.

A third policy that is not likely to work is that of stoical and fixed indifference to the existence of the Communist Chinese. If President Kennedy was right when he said that we must end the arms race before the arms race ends the human race, then we must face the fact that China is now part—and an ominous part—of the atomic arms race. There is no point in pursuing agreements on arms reduction or limitation with the Russians or anyone else if the Chinese are free to go their own way. It is possible that the Chinese leaders would resist any efforts looking toward comprehensive and workable world disarmament so long as they are committed to the idea that war is inherent in the nature of capitalism. But this fact, if it is a fact, does not mean that all possible pressure should not be brought to bear on the Chinese directly or that we should make no attempt to mobilize world public opinion as an integral part of any thrust toward world nuclear control. I don't see why we should be afraid to talk to the Chinese about workable disarmament or anything else. The prospects of such an exchange are less consequential than the gain that will accrue to us when we stop our shadow boxing and deal with things as they are.

It would be a grave error, however, to suppose that all problems will be resolved if only the Americans agree to talk to the Chinese—assuming, of course, that the Chinese would be willing to talk to the Americans. A dialogue on matters of substance between these two major powers would represent an advance over the present situation; ultimately, however, enduring world peace requires a grand design—a design broad enough to accommodate diversity but strong enough to keep possibly obstructive or rambunctious elements of that diversity from tearing down the house. In short, peace calls for more than a détente or even live-and-let-live agree-

(*Continued on page 70*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Copyright and Confusion

I WANT TO MAKE three comments on David Dempsey's second report on proposed new copyright legislation [THE PUBLISHING SCENE, *SR*, Oct. 17].

First, I think it greatly exaggerates the difference between the positions of book publishers and educators in the question of new legislation on "fair use" of copyrighted literary materials. This is only a personal opinion, of course.

Second, Mr. Dempsey is wrong in saying, "The biggest beef the educators have with the proposed law is the substitution of new definitions of what constitutes 'educational' use." Neither the present law nor the proposed new legislation defines "educational use."

Third, Mr. Dempsey is again dead wrong when he says, "The present law is quite specific. It assumes that the use of literary materials not 'for profit' is no infringement of copyright." In actual fact, it is only in the *public performance* of a nondramatic literary or musical work that "not-for-profit" use is allowable. The present law is silent on the question of fair use of copyrighted materials in reprographic form, for educational purposes or otherwise. As everybody (or almost everybody) in the publishing scene knows, fair use has always been a matter of judicially established doctrine. I make a point of this because a few ill-informed commentators have made it appear that the proposed new legislation would repeal fair use rights that are now enjoyed by teachers, scientists, and others under specifics of the present law. This is not so.

The publishers' only concern is that the present adjudicated doctrine and practice of fair use must not be converted by new legislation to unfair and hurtful use.

CURTIS G. BENJAMIN,
Chairman, Management Board,
McGraw-Hill Book Company.
New York, N.Y.

DAVID DEMPSEY'S ARTICLE contains the following statement about the U.S. copyright law:

The present law is quite specific. It assumes that the use of literary material not "for profit" is no infringement of copyright.

As to *dramatic* literary material, there is no provision in the present law exempting it from protection with respect to *any* use, regardless of whether for profit or not for profit.

As to *nondramatic* literary material, not every use is excluded from copyright protection; as to such material, it is only the not-for-profit delivery of, reading, or presentation in public that is excluded from protection.

The making of copies is not excluded from copyright protection, whether the literary material be dramatic or nondramatic and whether or not such copying is for profit or not. The prohibition against copying copyrighted material is subject only to the doctrine of "fair use." However, that doctrine is not provided for in the present statute but has been developed by decisional law. Although there are some general principles to be found in the decided cases as to what constitutes "fair use," each case must be decided on its own facts.

HORACE S. MANGES, Counsel,
American Book Publishers Council.
New York, N.Y.

"However, my 'no comment' is not so terse today. Make of it what you will."

Adding Insight to Injury?

THAT I CONSIDER Joseph Wood Krutch to be one of the muddiest thinkers of his or any other generation would not by itself give me any excuse to complain about your favorable review of his new book, *If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . .* [*SR*, Oct. 24]. But Peter Farb's reference to Krutch as "the last great practitioner of the essay form" is so incredibly far from the mark that it should not, I think, be allowed to stand unchallenged. Presumably such distinguished stylists as John Fischer and E. B. White will be too modest to write in in their own defense, but they are only two of dozens, in this country and abroad, who have not only kept the essay alive but have made it—in one setting or another—the most important literary form of our day.

Krutch may well be armed, as your reviewer claims, with 5,000 years of civilization's choicest insights, wit, and ridicule; it is his inability to digest any of the insights of the last fifty years or so that bothers me. About 360 years ago (back in the days when essays were essays, I guess) Sir Francis Bacon came up with an insight that I would like to pass on to those who, like your reviewer, are delighted by Krutch's "devastating appraisal" of anything that smacks of modernity. "The opinion which men cherish of antiquity is altogether idle," complained Sir Francis. "For the old age and increasing years of the world should in reality be considered as antiquity, and this is rather the character of our own times than of the less advanced age of the world in those of the ancients." That may not rank among civilization's choicest insights, but it does suggest an interesting possibility: mankind may always have had a Krutch to contend with.

G. ALAN ROBISON,
Vanderbilt University.
Nashville, Tenn.

New Direction

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Embarrassed American" [*SR*, Oct. 31], William Korey describes the disastrous consequences of Mr. Dulles's "fresh appraisal [in 1953] of the methods through which we may realize the human rights goals of the United Nations," of his statement that the then new Administration did not believe in "treaty coercion" and did not favor "formal undertakings" as the "proper and most effective way to spread throughout the world the goals of human liberty." This was a strange legal doctrine indeed; it implied that the existence of an obligation to do a certain thing was an obstacle rather than an inducement to doing it.

Mr. Korey's article is still more topical today than when it was written. The British elections brought to power a government committed, in the words of the Speech from the Throne of November 3, to "give renewed and more vigorous support to the United Nations" and to "take action against racial discrimination and promote full integration into the community of immigrants who have come [to Britain] from the Commonwealth."

President Johnson's magnificent election victory of November 3 gives him, among many other things, the mandate to continue vigorously President Kennedy's attempt to

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reverse the Eisenhower-Dulles policy in United Nations human rights matters as well as to pursue energetically the fight for equality and civil rights at home.

When President Roosevelt, in 1941, formulated the Four Freedoms; when Sir Winston Churchill designated the "enthronement of human rights" as one of the war (and peace) aims of the Grand Alliance; when, on their initiative, promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all was made one of the purposes of the United Nations, it was reasonable to hope and to expect that the American and British governments would assume the leadership in all moves to transform this legal and moral commitment into reality. Imaginative first moves of both governments in the immediate postwar years seemed to confirm this expectation. Such early hopes were disappointed, however, when in the following years the policy of the two governments became extremely conservative and restrictive. As a consequence, governments whose dedication to human rights was, to say the least, open to considerable doubt, were allowed to appear in the international arena as champions of freedom and democracy. The British and American political events of October and November 1964 have created an opportunity to set matters right and to pursue in this essential field a policy different from that of the last years and far more in accordance with the basic beliefs and aims of the overwhelming majority of the American and British peoples irrespective of party affiliation. This great opportunity must not be missed.

EGON SCHWELB,
Senior Fellow
and Lecturer in Law,
Yale Law School.*

New Haven, Conn.

Dr. Brand and Vellore

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An article in SR's October 3 issue described the work of Dr. Paul Brand and his associates at the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital in South India and invited readers to contribute to the Vellore Medical Fund, care of Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. As this issue went to press, about $7,300 had been contributed. The following are some of the letters sent by readers:*

YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT the work done by Dr. Paul Brand at Vellore would indicate that it is deserving of generous support, and I am glad you have undertaken to enlist the help of your readers. Enclosed is my check.

MRS. H. G. SMITH.

Carmel, Calif.

ENCLOSED IS A CHECK to further the work of Dr. Brand at Vellore. Allow me to express my heartfelt thanks to N.C. for bringing this worthwhile cause to the attention of many people. I would like to mail copies of this article to friends and family members and suggest that they contribute to the Vellore Fund rather than give a Christmas present (at least to me).

I am an Indian by birth but am now a naturalized citizen of the United States. I do not have the words to express what your article has worked in me.

JAL S. PARAKH.

Ithaca, N.Y.

THIS CHECK RELIEVES ME somewhat of the guilt I felt when I refused to give alms to lepers in India and in Nigeria when I was there with the Peace Corps.

MRS. BARBARA B. MCCONNELL.

Alexandria, Va.

THANKS FOR YOUR most illuminating article, which I'm trying to circulate among people who don't ordinarily see *SR*.

CONSTANCE L. KNIGHT.

Needham, Mass.

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND my check for Paul Brand and his wonderful mission and for his associates. I shall put the Vellore Medical Fund on my list for the future as well. Thank you for the wonderful article about this organization.

ANNA SAMOLAR.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Japanese leprosy victims.

Lepers' Lesson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The writer of the following letter, Dr. Jack Penn, is an eminent South African rehabilitative surgeon who has written thirteen works on the treatment of leprosy. He is founder and head of the Brenthurst Clinic in Johannesburg.*

THE MAN WITH established leprosy is a man blinded and deformed, without hands or feet. He has memories of his past life but no future. Ours may be the last generation to see all the horrors this disease can impose on its victims, for today the repair and reconstruction of the face and the rehabilitation of the hands and feet are beacons of hope to those whose illness is discovered in the early stages. But there are people who, because of age and the advanced state of the scars of their disease, cannot take advantage of modern treatment. They must rely on their own inner strength and the devotion of their nurses and doctors if they are to exist with a modicum of dignity and peace of mind.

A supreme example of the sympathetic interdependence of man is shown in this photograph taken at a Japanese leprosarium. A small man, cured of leprosy but suffering from the complications of the disease, was left with destroyed and deformed features, with one seeing eye, with one functional hand, and no feet. He is seen here seated on the shoulders of a tall man, similarly cured of the disease but totally blind, without features and without hands—but able to walk. A sympathetic symbiosis was struck up between these two patients, who between them possess one eye, one hand, and two feet. Quite independently of assistance, and by virtue of their mutual devotion and trust, they were able to exchange talents that made for a full life for both.

So sensitive was their relationship that they were never happy when separated. On one occasion, when the small one was examined in the surgery and his companion left outside, a tremendous excitement and anxiety overtook the tall man. He seemed to feel what was going on in the next room and became tranquil only after being led into the surgery where, once the examination was over, his shoulders were mounted by his friend, who rode him out of the room with much chatter and glee.

These two men were by far the happiest patients in the leprosarium for they gave as much as they received, whereas the others were merely recipients.

Mutual sympathy and generosity of spirit appears to be the secret of true happiness and is indeed the hallmark of a civilized man. It breeds tolerance and a social conscience. Without it, even the most cultured and educated are less than savages.

The intolerance and lack of trust that make a mockery out of politics in general and political slogans in particular are indicative of man's philosophical immaturity. If mutual sympathy as a way of life were honestly felt and freely given at the highest levels, in the same way as is sometimes seen at the lowest, corruption in the name of expediency might disappear and wisdom might catch up with scientific achievement, to the benefit of all.

JACK PENN, M.D.

Johannesburg, South Africa

* The author of this letter is a former Deputy Director of the Division of Human Rights, United Nations Secretariat.

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21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Horse Knows the Way," by John O'Hara
22 Number 7: Alexander Hamilton's Secret Attempts to Control American Foreign Policy, by Julian Boyd
23 The Meaning of the American Revolution, by Dan Lacy
24 An American Family, by Ishbel Ross
25 Eugene Onegin: A Novel in Verse, by Aleksandr Pushkin—translations by Vladimir Nabokov, Walter Arndt, and Eugene M. Kayden
35 Criminal Record
36 Pick of the Paperbacks
38 The Family of Pascual Duarte, by Camilo José Cela
38 The Blue Guitar, by Alex Austin
39 An Infinity of Mirrors, by Richard Condon
39 With Shuttering Fall, by Joyce Carol Oates
40 Jefferson Davis, Tragic Hero, by Hudson Strode
41 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

So Long to the Short for a While

IN EACH of the last three years John O'Hara has published a book of short stories, and now he brings out his fourth, *The Horse Knows the Way* (Random House, $5.95). This raises the total of stories published in book form in four years to 101, which must set some sort of record. Moreover, as I have reported on various occasions (*e.g.*, *SR*, Nov. 30, 1963), many of his stories are very good indeed.

In his foreword O'Hara makes some interesting remarks: "Thirty years after the publication of my first novel I have been given the Award of Merit of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the highest honor of my professional career. It was given to me for the *novel*, not for the short story. It may seem to have taken the Academy a rather long time to get around to it, but they voted me the Award at a stage in my career when my short stories were being praised and my novels deplored. That Award has made a hell of a difference to me."

At the beginning of the foreword O'Hara says, "For a while, at least, this will be my last book of short stories." This decision, which may have been influenced by the Academy Award, seems to me in some ways regrettable, for I have been one of those who liked the stories, by and large, and didn't like the recent novels. However, one cannot deny that O'Hara, with his 101 stories in four years, has earned the right to make a change.

Some of the stories in the present volume are up-to-date, with allusions to the Beatles and President Johnson, whereas others, usually located in Gibbsville, O'Hara's Yoknapatawpha County, go back to the Twenties and even earlier. Sex is the dominant theme, frequently in an adulterous manifestation. Business of various kinds, the theater, Hollywood, and jazz occupy many of the characters. Alcohol, as always, plays an important part. As in the last collection of stories, *The Hat on the Bed*, O'Hara has something to say about old age and death.

Some of the stories are excellent, as good as any he has ever written. In "School," for instance, the story of father and son, the reader is compelled at the end to reverse the judgments he has almost unconsciously formed. "The Bonfire" is a perceptive and touching portrayal of the emotions of a young widow. There is humor in such a story as "Arnold Stone," and tenderness in "At the Window."

On the other hand, several of the stories seem to me too complicated to be effective. "The Jet Set" is another story that invites a reversal of judgment—in this instance a heel turns out to be not entirely a heel—but the climax is reached by way of one twist after another until the reader is tired if not dizzy. Another story that seems misshapen is "The Lawbreaker," a story about a young man of good family who turns rum-runner in the Twenties; what we learn about the young man is scarcely worth the effort involved. And there is "The Madeline Wherry Case," one of the less effective tales of adultery.

The opening paragraph of another story, "Mrs. Allanson," is worth examining:

> Mrs. Frank B. Allanson's great gift is her ability to impart importance to people and things because they are her people and things. Back in the days when the motor car provided a precise and subtle index of taste and financial circumstances, the Allansons owned a series of Franklins. The late Frank Allanson had chosen the Franklin because it was an air-cooled car, and the cult of the Franklin included three or four men with whom Allanson was congenial in many matters. But Sara Allanson, although she did not drive, very soon was proclaiming the Franklin to be the superior of the Pierces and Packards, the Stearns-Knights and Peerlesses, the Hayneses and Paiges and Chandlers that belonged to the families she knew best. She was particularly hard on the Pierce-Arrow, since the Pierce spoke for itself as an indication of money spent, while the Franklin in its way spoke for itself as an example of money saved. It would have entailed no hardship for the Allansons to have bought a Pierce; Frank Allanson's firm was the local legal representative for the Lehigh Valley Rail Road, the Prudential Insurance Company, and the Ingersoll-Rand people, as well as one of the larger independent coal companies, a lumber company, a department store, and the Keystone Bank and Trust. But as it happened, Robert B. Stokes, whose firm represented the Pennsylvania Railroad and the M.A. Hanna Company locally, owned a Pierce-Arrow, and so did George W. Ingersoll, lawyer for the Light, Heat and Power Company. Sara Allanson never missed an opportunity to say something disparaging about Althea Stokes's and Pansy Ingersoll's Pierces, always with the implication that anyone who went higher than the Franklin price range was doing it for show.

We have all known persons, men and

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women, who seemed to suffuse with an almost holy light whatever was theirs, and Mrs. Allanson's attitude towards her husband's Franklin is a nice enough example, but obviously we don't need so much detail to make the point. Such a massing of details is hard to take in the novels; in a short story it indicates a breakdown of technique.

As I have said more than once, O'Hara's fanatical preoccupation with accuracy of detail will some day make him invaluable to social historians. His motivation, I suspect, is a desire to show that he is in the know and always has been. In short, he appears to be, among other things, a snob. It will be remembered that in commenting on the Award of Merit, he says, "It may seem to have taken the Academy a rather long while to get around to it," and in his speech accepting the National Book Award a few years ago, he said straight out that it was about time the judges came to their senses. He has a chip on his shoulder, and my guess is that it has been there ever since his father's death prevented him from going to Yale.

But this is conjecture. What is demonstrable is that several stories in this volume are below par, and it may be just as well that he is going to give up writing stories for a while—though I don't look forward to the novels he will presumably write in their stead. On the other hand, there are stories that are as good as any he has written, and that, as I noted at the beginning, is saying a lot. His imagination may be limited, but within its limits it can function with great power.

—GRANVILLE HICKS

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1112

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1112 will be found in the next issue.

UKMKVO DYDQ VSV FUOACSUE

YDQO XKKTSGC DWNDBA XQKZ

GKZD GAQKUE BQSUNSBTD.

ZDTMKPQUD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1111

Abuse resembles a church procession; it always returns to the point from which it set out. —MONTI.

A Code Name and a London Contact

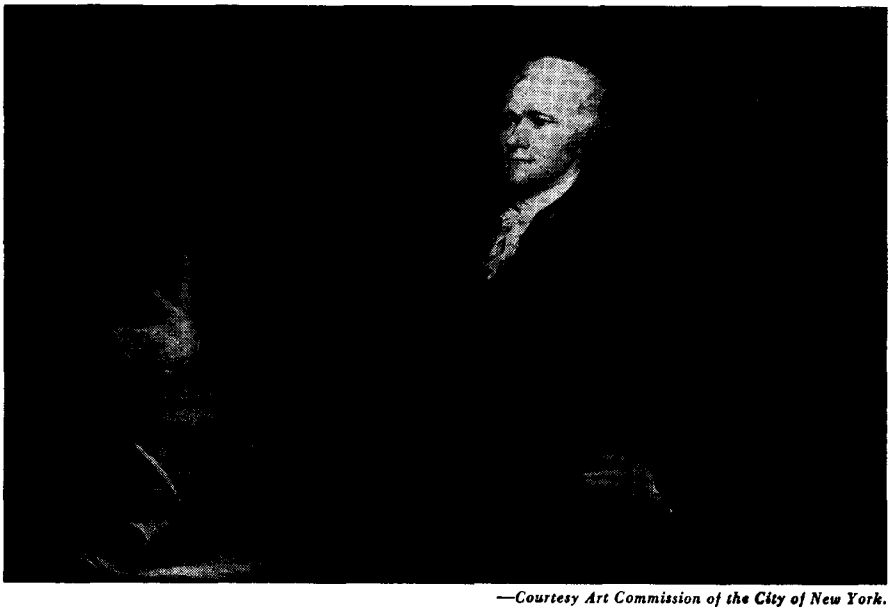
Number 7: Alexander Hamilton's Secret Attempts to Control American Foreign Policy, *by Julian Boyd (Princeton University Press. 166 pp. $4), charges that our first Secretary of the Treasury trafficked with British secret agents in an effort to counter the avowed policies of Thomas Jefferson when the latter was Secretary of State. Esmond Wright is professor of American history at Glasgow University.*

By ESMOND WRIGHT

"OF THIS gentleman's sincerity, I have the surest pledge in the knowledge that any event which might endanger the tranquillity of the United States would be as fatal to the systems he has formed for the benefit of his country as to his present personal reputation and to his future projects of ambition." George Hammond, Britain's first Minister to the United States, writing to Lord Grenville in 1793, thus assessed the character and the statecraft of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. Hammond preferred, he said later, to make most of his communications privately to Hamilton and to have relations with Jefferson only when absolutely necessary.

We have long known that Hamilton in foreign policy was the leading "Anglo-man" in Washington's Administration, as strongly pro-British from 1793 to 1795 as Jefferson was thought to be pro-French, and (thanks to the research of Professor Samuel Bemis) we have long known also that he was prepared to convey information to Grenville via Hammond that undermined John Jay's already-feeble bargaining power in London in 1794: the Jay Treaty, Professor Bemis wrote in 1923, might more aptly be called Hamilton's Treaty. In 1794 Hamilton, architect of the Constitution and of American Federalism and advocate of strong government as he was, believed firmly in a close connection with Great Britain. He believed even more firmly in himself.

Julian Boyd of Princeton now offers us evidence of a still more alarming kind. He gives us what he modestly calls "a sort of footnote" to Bemis's *Jay Treaty:* a group of documents drawn from Volume 17 of the Papers of Thomas Jefferson, prefaced by a long and probing introduction. The reason for their separate publication is that they offer a damning indictment: the unneutral and pro-British activities of the Hamilton of 1794—by which time Jefferson had left the Department of State—paralleled by similar maneuvers in 1790 during the Nootka Sound crisis between Britain and Spain. His instrument in 1790, as later, was Major George Beckwith, and Professor Boyd's tracing of



—Courtesy Art Commission of the City of New York.

Trumbull portrait of Alexander Hamilton—"a damning indictment."

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Beckwith's operations is a superb piece of historical detection.

Beckwith, a former officer with the British 37th Regiment in the War of Independence, became by the end of the war an aide to Sir Guy Carleton. He returned to North America in 1786 when Carleton (now Lord Dorchester) became Governor-General of Canada, and it was for Dorchester that he conducted four intelligence missions between 1787 and 1790. He lived for eighteen months in New York and Philadelphia, reporting via Dorchester to Pitt and Lord Grenville in London, in constant and easy association with British *simpaticos* like William Samuel Johnson (No. 1 in his code), Philip Schuyler (No. 2), Henry Knox (No. 4) and Alexander Hamilton (No. 7).

Dr. Boyd corrects the previously-held view of Beckwith; he was not a *de facto* minister but simply a secret agent (or not so simply since he was both shrewd and bold). Hamilton used him as a channel to London and as a source of "reliable" information with which to cajole Washington. Their conversations, described as private, in fact involved nothing less than "a penetration of the highest councils of the nation by the confidential agent of another power." And, as devious as he was venturesome, Hamilton twisted Beckwith's statements, of which he was the sole auditor, to suit his purpose, as when he implied that Britain contemplated an alliance with the United States in 1790. Just as he recommended the precipitate and ill-advised mission of Gouverneur Morris to London to sound out the British Government on a settlement of outstanding problems just before Jefferson had returned from France, so by his conversations with Beckwith and his use of them he sought for three years to counter the avowed policies of the Secretary of State. In this telling, the domestic architect of the Constitution emerges in foreign affairs as not only arrogant and deceitful but as treacherous to his colleagues and near-treacherous to his country's cause.

This is a brilliant, carefully marshaled, and in its conclusions shattering piece of analysis. It is an outgrowth of meticulous research made possible by the Princeton study of the *Jefferson Papers*, and Professor Boyd is right to emphasize in his Foreword that it is but a by-product of his "normal obligations" as an editor. It was in that role that he encountered the memo of July 8, 1790, and the letter of Hamilton to Washington of September 30, 1790, recounting a conversation with Beckwith, and Beckwith's utterly contrasting account of the same conversation.

This study is to be saluted for four reasons. First, it suggests that a new examination of Anglo-American relations from 1783 to 1793 is needed; and —as John C. Miller's study of Hamilton has already hinted—it is probable that Hamilton will emerge from it a much less honorable man than in any previous estimates. Secondly, it confirms that Jefferson as Secretary of State behaved with an objectivity and an integrity that Hamilton lacked. Thirdly, it offers evidence that there was in fact a quite impressive group of British agents at work—Beckwith (ultimately to be a lieutenant-general, and a K.C.B.: the prototype, one feels, of John Buchan's Richard Hannay), John Connolly in the Northwest Territory, the unreliable and irascible Sir John Temple, the more reliable John Hamilton in Norfolk, and the mysterious Peter Allaire with his reports that the West was ready to declare its independence. Dr. Boyd's note on Allaire, and his promise of a more extended account, are particularly welcome, providing a distinct contribution to knowledge. Finally, this study vividly reminds us how much a matter of chance it was that the United States survived its birth pangs amid the intrigues and tensions of the Great Powers. That it did survive was due far more to the sea-green incorruptibility—and awareness of the military facts of life—of Washington and the firm, middle-of-the-road sense of Jefferson than to its devious, erratic, and ambitious Secretary of the Treasury.

The War That Is Still Being Won

The Meaning of the American Revolution, *by Dan Lacy (New American Library-World. 308 pp. $5.95), sees in the Supreme Court's decisions on racial segregation and legislative districting a reassertion of the principles for which the Founding Fathers fought. Richard B. Morris's numerous historical studies include "The American Revolution: A Short History."*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

AS THE centennial of Appomattox draws near it may well be overshadowed by a spate of preliminary bicentenary observations on the meaning of the American Revolution, observations set forth in sound, sensible books like the one we now have from Mr. Lacy. From the point of view of both the nation and the world this may be all to the good. The Civil War should be laid to rest once and for all, along with the divisive quarrels which that holocaust failed to settle. Certainly a war fought for independence and freedom has more pertinence to the issues of our own age than a civil conflict begun by extremists in order to safeguard their property in other human beings.

So much has been written on the Revolutionary period that one can hardly expect a novel treatment, and Mr. Lacy treads on much familiar ground. His expositions are clear and his judgments balanced, but his main contribution is to be found in his concluding chapter, wherein he considers the meaning of the American Revolution. He points out that the fundamental assumptions of American Revolutionary thought were drawn from the philosophy of the Enlightenment, and were "superficial in psychology, ignorant as history, and inconsistent as logic." These revolutionary concepts include the notion of equality, of government resting upon the consent of the governed, of written constitutions, of inalienable rights, of due process of law, and of separation of powers.

Mr. Lacy concedes that these ideas possess a certain nobility and demonstrate a continuing vitality, and he is generally approving. He does have reservations, however, on the score of separation of powers, which, along with checks and balances, he blames for the "dangerous rigidity" he finds in our present governmental structure. To this rigidity he attributes the legislative bottleneck, broken only in times of crisis. On the other hand, without recognizing any inconsistency, he asserts that the Supreme Court, through its decisions on racial segregation and legislative districting, is reasserting the principles of the Revolution directly. Considering the history of attacks upon the High Court by either the Presidents or the Congress, it would seem self-evident that it is this very attachment to the principle of separation of powers which has preserved an independent judiciary, one courageous enough to renew the Revolution when it seemed to have bogged down.

In so wide-ranging a study as Mr. Lacy's errors seem inevitable, and there are a few that must be noted. The author errs when he says that the acts of navigation were "freely violated whenever they seriously damaged the colonies' interest." The basic patterns of navigation set as far back as 1660 were stringently enforced. Tobacco exports were diverted from the Continent to England at incalculable cost to colonial tobacco planters. Mr. Lacy confuses the widespread smug-

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gling against the Molasses Act of 1733 with the general operation of the laws of trade. One cannot accept the assertion that "most of the great patroonships" were confiscated during the Revolution. Only one, the patroonship of Rensselaerswyick, existed at that time, and it was held by a Patriot family and emerged unscathed.

When Mr. Lacy explores diplomatic issues he is on shakier ground than when he views the military or civilian war effort in America. His account of the Franco-American treaty of alliance is confused. That treaty does not mention New Orleans or the trans-Mississippi West. These areas in any event could hardly remain "within French ambitions," as the Louisiana Territory then belonged to Spain, not France. The separate roles of the American negotiators in the peacemaking of 1782-83 is by no means clear from this treatment, nor is any recognition given to the broad vision of the Earl of Shelburne, whose liberal trade views were repudiated by his successors. Again, one cannot comprehend why Nationalist leaders considered the Confederation interlude to be" critical" without evaluating the attitude of foreign powers toward the new republic or making clear the power vacuum in the Confederacy in the area of foreign relations.

These are minor flaws. By seeing the American Revolution as a continuous process, not terminated at Yorktown or by the Peace of Paris, but still being fought out to fulfil its promise by obtaining real equality for the Negro and fair representation for urban and industrial America, the author has given an extra dimension to the War for Independence. That great upheaval, one of the few revolutions of modern times from which a stable government emerged, still has a timely message to impart to Americans and the rest of the world as well.

The History in Their Household

***An American Family**, by Ishbel Ross (New American Library-World. 468 pp. $6.50), concentrates on the private life of an extraordinary clan —the Tafts of Cincinnati. Elting E. Morison has in his own books delved into the lives of public figures, among them, Henry L. Stimson and Theodore Roosevelt.*

By ELTING E. MORISON

IN 1865 Alfonso Taft was appointed to the superior court of Cincinnati. Since then the Taft family has put together an extraordinary record of public service—of service sustained over four generations and 100 years. In a society where, traditionally, it has been three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves and in a political system where survival is no more certain than the next election, it is quite a record. There were two generations of La Follettes in public life, a good many different Roosevelts, and three generations of Blairs but only the Adamses have brought off a collective achievement comparable to that of the Tafts in duration, diversity, constructive purpose, and distinction.

In the past century members of the family have served at all levels of government—in city, state, and nation. They have also served in all three branches of the federal government—legislative, judicial, executive. They have acted in the public interest as city councilman and Cabinet member, as Congressman and Ambassador, as colonial administrator and solicitor-general, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and as President of the United States.

It is interesting to speculate on the causes of such prolonged success and constructive enterprise. There were no doubt many contributing elements—wise marriages, the capacity to make and keep money, energy, brains. There was also the fact that the achievements in each generation were, on the whole, solid, sensible models for the next generation. The Tafts did not go in for the great, striking, unrepeatable acts—no fighting Bobs, no Teddies to set up overwhelming objectives for their posterity. What Henry Pringle said of Alfonso was in a way true of all of them "His life was marked by integrity rather than daring. He had character rather than genius." And, finally, the Tafts for a hundred years have remained in touch with a home base—with a clarifying and fortifying local allegiance to Cincinnati. They didn't just go out to look for votes in the grass roots; they grew up in the same soil. And in each generation members of the family have been fully engaged in all sorts of American life and enterprise—scholarship, the law, publishing, education, industry, the church. They have bought Rembrandts and funded symphony, and at the same time they have been part owners of the Chicago Cubs and the Phillies. Within such a context the Tafts, though almost invariably in search of public service and public office, have not looked upon "politics" simply as an end in itself.

"I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN SAVE MILLIONS EACH YEAR."
TAFT'S MESSAGE URGING EFFICIENCY, ECONOMY AND EXTENSION OF MERIT SYSTEM IN ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES

—From the book.

Cartoon by McCutcheon, courtesy Don Maxwell and the Chicago Tribune.

A family that contains such a numerous and diverse crowd presents a great and complex subject, and Miss Ross in *An American Family* does her level best to keep all the interesting things she has discovered about this subject under control. What attracts her most in the rich vein of history she is working is the people who appear, and what attracts her most about them is, more often than not, their domestic doings. She sketches in the outlines of events in which her principals were engaged wherever necessary and takes due notice of matters like the friars lands in the Philippines or the Winona speech, but in general one is more apt to find engaging accounts of marriages, journeys, and familial negotiations than of the proceeding against the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

Within her chosen context Miss Ross is most successful with the first two of her large cast of characters—Alfonso and William Howard Taft. Here she has the opportunity to examine the personal record at some length.

In later generations as the cast of characters and the variety of their activities increase she is hard put to it to keep control over her expanding data. At times, when thus pressed for time and space, Miss Ross's newspaper training shows through. In places she sounds a little like a society editor giving the credentials for an illustrious bridegroom or like an observant reporter describing an interview with a public figure for the Sunday magazine section. But, given her own definition of her objective, she brings off her not inconsiderable task well enough. Her narrative is not so deep as a well nor so broad as a barn door but it does contain lively accounts of some of the doings of an interesting family and in the giving of these accounts Miss Ross often makes entertaining and illuminating contributions to the social history of the last three-quarters of a century.

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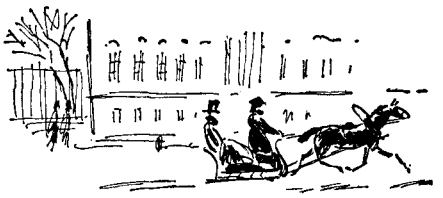
Variations on a Russian Verse



—From "Eugene Onegin," tr. by Eugene M. Kayden.

Eugene Onegin: A Novel in Verse, *by Aleksandr Pushkin, translated with commentary by Vladimir Nabokov (Pantheon. 4 vols. 1,851 pp. + XXVI. $18.50), translated by Walter Arndt (Dutton. 224 pp. Paperback, $1.75), and translated by Eugene M. Kayden (Antioch Press. 263 pp. $5.50), take three different approaches to the problem of rendering a Russian masterpiece into English. Nathan Rosen is professor of Russian literature at the University of Rochester in New York.*

By NATHAN ROSEN

THE GREATEST poem by Russia's greatest poet has had a battered and obscure life in mediocre English translations. But in the past thirteen months three new versions of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* have appeared: Walter Arndt's in October 1963, Vladimir Nabokov's last June, and Eugene M. Kayden's six weeks ago. Two of the translations are valuable contributions.

Western readers know *Eugene Onegin* chiefly through Tchaikovsky's "silly opera" (as Nabokov calls it). Onegin is a young man-about-town suffering from the boredom popular among the literary heroes of the early nineteenth century. He visits a country estate that he has inherited and meets his neighbors: the poet Lensky, Lensky's fiancée Olga, and her dreamy sister Tatiana. Onegin rejects Tatiana's love and kills Lensky in an apparently senseless duel. Several years later, at a Petersburg ball, Onegin is entranced by the beautiful wife of a general, a glittering society belle, who naturally is Tatiana. Although she still loves Onegin, she rejects his sudden passion and tells him that she will remain faithful to her husband.

The poem is written in a fourteen-line stanza whose rhyme pattern, syntax, language, and style pose hard problems for the translator. Vladimir Nabokov, the author of *Lolita, Pale Fire,* and other novels, plays, and poems in Russian and English, claims that all translations of *Eugene Onegin* previous to his were "grotesque travesties" of the original because the translations retained Pushkin's rhyme scheme. By completely omitting the rhymes Nabokov was free to choose exactly those words that are the closest equivalent to Pushkin's. His is not quite a prose translation: stanzas and lines are retained, the language is precise, the imagery fresh. We have, as it were, the emanation of a poem. But the verbal magic has vanished with the rhyme. Nabokov readily admits that his translation does not "soar and sing." His aim was literal accuracy, and he has sacrificed all other considerations to that end. "The greatest reward I can think of is that students may use my work as a pony."

Nabokov's quest for absolute accuracy leads to violent distortions in language and syntax. Obsolete words in the original are translated by obsolete English words, such as *precognizes, prevene, rememorating.* And here is Tatiana musing: "Her poor head shoulderward has sunk." Syntax is a casualty at times: "And for these children wedding crowns/their fathers, who were friends and neighbors, destined." Nabokov says, apologetically, "My translation is awkward but accurate." Yet what sort of "accuracy" is it if the reader grows exasperated and puzzled, and concludes that Pushkin himself is either too awkward or too impenetrable to be read?

This version is accompanied by a volume containing a facsimile of the 1837 Russian edition and two volumes of commentary, which Nabokov insists is an integral part of his translation. This is understandable: the commentary must supply as best it can what is missing in the translation, namely, the life of the poem. We are given acute analyses of the work, stanza by stanza, including lines that were canceled by Pushkin; brilliant essays on the Russian language; synopses of all the books read by Onegin and Tatiana; detailed accounts of the food, clothing, social customs, etc. of Pushkin's age. Every obscure allusion is tracked down to its source, including every French poet whose trite phrases Pushkin transmuted into sparkling Russian. Such a display of passionate pedantry would benumb the reader if the author were not Nabokov. His exhaustive analysis of *Onegin,* the most detailed and rewarding to appear in any language, is actually fascinating. We are exposed to a first-rate mind, a man of wit, culture, and exceptional independence (even if he does consider Balzac, Stendhal, and Dostoevsky terribly overrated). He is also an artful stylist.

NABOKOV's excesses—his excessive commentary, his excessive literalness, his savage attacks on less literal-minded critics—stem perhaps from his craftsman's devotion to language. His literalism may also be due to his own creative problem. He has often complained of the difficulty he had in orienting himself psychologically as a writer first in Europe and later in the United States. Perhaps *Eugene Onegin* embodies for Nabokov a lost Eden: a vanished earth, a vanished culture, a vanished language. Which may explain why this brilliant, bold experimenter regards Pushkin's poem as Holy Writ, not to be tampered with by laymen or even by Nabokov himself, the worthy subject of an enormous exegesis—paradoxically parodied in his novel *Pale Fire.*

Walter Arndt, who won a Bollingen Award for his translation of *Eugene Onegin,* follows the very principles that Nabokov rejects; he retains the rhyme pattern and other formal characteristics

—From "Pushkin," Vol. 3 (Library of Poets, Soviet Writers Union, Leningrad, 1949.)

Page from the autograph manuscript of "Eugene Onegin," with drawings by Pushkin.

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of Pushkin's stanza. In a savage criticism that appeared in the *New York Review of Books* (April 30), Nabokov pointed out the many factual errors in this translation. There is a lot of padding and verbal contortion, inevitable in a rhymed version, but less than in other such versions. The infatuated Lensky is "disarmed by Olga's lovely arm." At times, if rarely, Arndt rises to brilliance: the dancer Istomina leaps into the air, "and twirling trills her tiny feet" (*i bystroi nozhkoi nozhku byot*). Although Arndt's translation varies in quality from stanza to stanza, it remains the most intelligent and accurate rhymed version that we have, superseding all previous English translations of *Eugene Onegin*.

Eugene Kayden, who is acclaimed on the bookjacket as "among the best translators of Russian verse into English," has chosen to follow contemporary American practice: "A translation of poetry must be poetry in English," he declares. His approach is a compromise between Nabokov and Arndt. While keeping Pushkin's stanza, Kayden rhymes only eight out of the fourteen lines, and also omits the alternation of masculine and feminine lines. This new stanza has exciting possibilities but, unfortunately, Kayden lacks the talent to exploit them. His translation is unforgivably trite, leaden, and unmusical. Istomina's glorious leap becomes doggerel: "She twirls and wheels, lithe as a feather/And claps in mid-air her heels together." When Tatiana at daybreak watches the "choral dance of stars" (Nabokov), Kayden has her watching "galaxies of stars." Tatiana's nurse speaks of a dead master: "God grant salvation to his soul/and peace to his dear bones/in the grave, in damp mother earth." (Nabokov.) Kayden has: "God keep his soul among the blest/And grant his soul eternal rest." What happened to the bones in damp mother earth? And if the soul is among the blest, then surely it has rest. Kayden offers neither poetry nor accuracy. His preface and Belinsky's introduction tell the reader nothing about Pushkin's life or art, or even what the original *Onegin* stanza looks like.

Reading the translations by Arndt and Nabokov (in that order), the English reader can begin to appreciate Pushkin. It only remains for a talented poet like Robert Lowell to take advantage of these translations, and of Nabokov's great commentary, to produce a poem in English that really soars and sings as does Pushkin's masterpiece.

SR's December 5th issue will help you solve your Christmas book-giving problems.

The Escape from Style

THIS FALL, during the strident election campaign, I found myself distracted from the empty noise around me by a remarkable book, *The Diaries of Paul Klee*, published in English for the first time by the University of California Press ($10). Klee's words, which gave consoling evidence that man is more than a marathon mouthpiece, come as no surprise from a painter whose brush consistently satirized bureaucratic ballyhoo.

If for some hypothetical reason I were forced to preserve the work of only one artist from our century, I think it would be Klee's, not because he was the most popular or influential painter, but because he was the wisest. No doubt my choice will date me, for I come from a generation that found this artist, above all others, best able to interpret us to ourselves. I am convinced history will remember him as a lyrical philosopher who revealed the present and suggested the future with scathing accuracy. On first acquaintance, his modest paintings may seem deceptively simple, but to mistake them for minor expressions is to make a major mistake. It is not always easy to unravel his multiple levels of thinking or to pinpoint his ambiguous and curiously personal motifs, for every arrow, growing plant, tremulous line, and wistful gesture evokes more than meets the eye. No other painter has exposed our complicated period so deftly and yet with such shattering clarity. He early wrote in *The Diaries*, "To want to create something outside of one's own age strikes me as suspect."

Along with a number of other artists, notably Delacroix, Van Gogh, and Michelangelo, Klee was a gifted writer. Even the allusive titles he invented for his paintings are fragments of authentic poetry. At twenty-one he wrote, "The recognition that at bottom I am a poet, after all, should be no hindrance in the plastic arts!" And a few months later in *The Diaries* he said, "I write words on the forehead and around the corners of the mouth. My human faces are truer than the real ones."

Perhaps what gave his paintings such poignant timeliness was his ability to intermix prophetic generalizations and homely facts. One finds the same unlikely combination in *The Diaries*, which extend from his nineteenth to his fortieth year. His terse observations tell the story of twentieth-century art with translucent insight. Klee, who took every liberty with draftsmanship, noted, "I never want to reproach myself with drawing incorrectly because of ignorance." Despite his consummate craftsmanship, he wrote, "My consolation is that the sincerity of my intention will always be more of a check to me than my lack of skill." Reflecting the devotion of an ardent musician (Klee was an accomplished violinist), *The Diaries* deal as much with music as with art. An entry describes the cellist Casals: "He closes his eyes when he plays, but his mouth growls softly in the midst of this peace." And suddenly an elliptical image, like a wayward Klee drawing, comes to mind.

"Photography," he observed, "was invented at the right moment as a warning against materialistic vision." Certainly no one took that warning more seriously than he. He was among the first modern artists to dematerialize form, to make it transparent both physically and symbolically. Like uncanny X-rays, his pictures penetrate modern man's fluctuating anxieties, griefs, and fitful joys. Klee himself put it well when he wrote, "The world is my subject, even though it is not the visible world. . . . In art, vision is not as essential as making visible." With arrows pointing the way, he forced us to examine ourselves.

Certain of Klee's concepts prepared the ground for battalions of contemporary artists. When he said, "The subject in itself is certainly dead. What counts are the impressions before the subject," and a bit later, "It is precisely the way which is productive—this is the essential thing; becoming is more important than being," he laid the cornerstone for abstract expressionism almost a half-century before that modern movement made headlines. For Klee, what was finished held little interest. It was the doing, the involvement, that mattered. Friends who visited his studio report that it was filled with works *in progress*. As for the earlier expressionists, Klee also enunciated their theories. "The beautiful, which is perhaps inseparable from art, is not after all tied to the subject, but to the pictorial representation. In this way and in no other does art overcome the ugly without avoiding it. . . . To emphasize only the beautiful seems to me like a mathematical system that only concerns itself with positive numbers." In 1910, already predicting Hans Hofmann's beliefs, he wrote, "To adapt oneself to the contents of the paintbox is more important than nature and its

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study. I must some day be able to improvise freely on the chromatic keyboard of the rows of watercolor cups." When has the premise that a painting is born of paint been proclaimed more succinctly?

The Diaries offer intimations of the future, so many, indeed, as to become a veritable guide to art of the twentieth century. Fifty-four years ago Klee stated, "I am now trying to render light simply as unfolding energy. And when I handle energy in black on a white surface, I ought to hit the mark again. I call to mind the entirely reasonable black made by light on photographic negatives." His words suggest an army of present-day painters experimenting with black as a new tool of expression. And for the contemporary pop artist, a single Klee sentence from 1903 provides sound advice: "One could dare to represent such banalities if one found the unique form for them."

During the First World War Klee served in the German army. His diaries from this period are almost totally externalized. It was the war that caused him to say, "The more horrible the world, the more abstract our art . . .," an observation that has become a classic. "In the great pit of forms," he wrote, "lie broken fragments to some of which we still cling. They provide abstraction with its material." That abstract art was both an escape and a new language Klee never doubted.

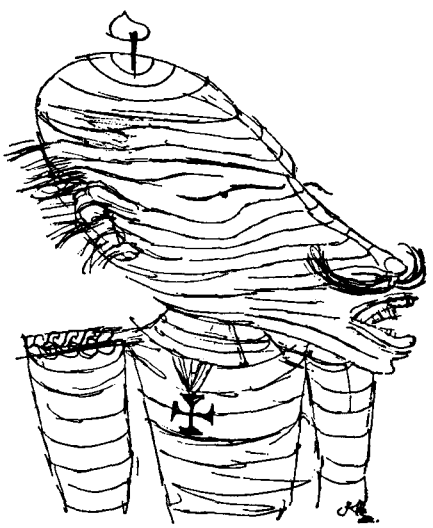
For those of us who have long admired this painter but were not fluent enough to read his diaries in German, the present publication comes as a windfall. It demonstrates how closely the artist, the writer, and the man were enmeshed. Yet when he said, "One eye sees, the other feels," he recognized his own duality. Because the content of each painting was the sole arbiter of its form, Klee, who rarely repeated himself, was never trapped by a stylistic signature. His methods were as diverse and unorthodox as the thinking that prompted them. He was quite right when he wrote, "I am my style."

—Katharine Kuh.

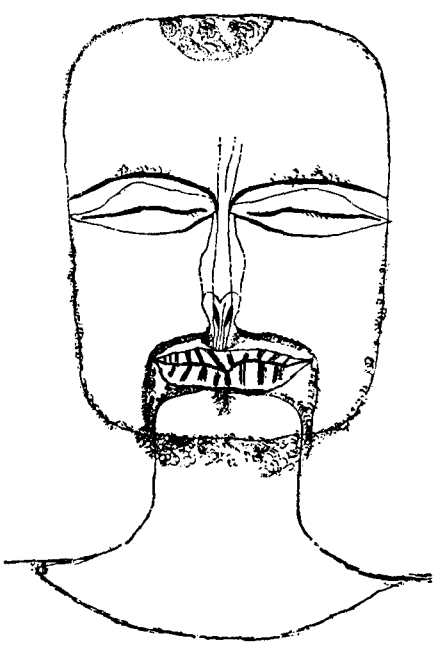
"The Fleeing Policemen," 1913.

Drawings by Paul Klee

"Critic," 1914.



"Kaiser Wilhelm Raging," 1920.



"Lost in Thought" (Self-Portrait), 1919.

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Wouk on the Tame Side

THE ART of condensing a 1,300-page novel into a playable two-hour movie demands the kind of specialization peculiar to the twentieth century. Delmer Daves, who both wrote and directed the film version of Herman Wouk's *Youngblood Hawke*, estimates that it would have taken better than twenty-two hours to transcribe faithfully every page of the novel to celluloid, or eighteen hours longer than *Gone with the Wind*. But movie-making, like politics, is the art of the possible. Recognizing that Wouk had written an unwieldy best-seller that millions of people might prefer to see rather than read, Daves hewed and trimmed the behemoth into a smooth, tidy *Reader's Digest* version. Like most *Reader's Digest* adaptations, compactness is its primary virtue; that and the peculiar insistence that all will come right in a naughty world.

The way the picture works out, it would be just as well to forget that the hero, in the novel, bore some resemblance to Thomas Wolfe. Young Hawke resembles nothing so much as all his literary predecessors who, on the basis of a successful first novel, were lionized by society, fought over by beautiful women, and promptly robbed of their talents. In this instance, one of the beautiful women is a millionaire's wife with an itch for rising writers and the other an editor who, until the final reel, seems doomed to walking in for literary conferences in the middle of ardent clinches. No wonder the poor fellow's writing suffered! In addition, however, it transpires that the cuckolded millionaire has maneuvered him into some highly unremunerative transactions and, despite a Pulitzer prize for his first novel, all the critics gang up on his subsequent efforts. In the end, it's back to Kentucky and the simple life with the long-suffering lady editor.

Curiously, in trying to discover a focus for his film, Daves would have us believe that true love (the lady editor's) ultimately pays off. She saw him first, she put up with his infidelities, she stood by him—ergo, she deserved him. Actually, she deserved a lot better—as did the publisher who had seen *her* first, put up with *her* indecision, and was ready to marry her whenever she said the word. For that matter, even the promiscuous wife deserved better; her belated bid for marriage, after she has done everything in her power to help the young man's career, is rather priggishly rebuffed. Hawke is a hero in name only. He uses people, hungers for money, and debases his talent in the process. James Franciscus lacks the charm and personality to conceal this weakness in character creation; and Genevieve Page and Suzanne Pleshette, despite sympathetic and often touching performances, are made to seem idiotic wasting their affection upon him. Perhaps if the picture ran the full twenty-two hours, their reasons might have been clarified; but the game would hardly be worth the popcorn.

Guns at Batasi is a modest British effort that illustrates all too clearly the shifting tides of empire. Time was when, in a picture like this, one could take in the entire situation at a glance—the beleaguered British outpost with some strays in its midst cut off from civilization by swirling hordes of black savages. The gallant noncom who takes command (the officer-in-charge is invariably killed or called away early in such films), boldly stands up to the civilian dissidents within, and skilfully organizes defenses until help comes in the triumphal final reel and he marries the colonel's daughter. Everything in *Guns at Batasi* seems to move in the predictable pattern until that final reel. But the time is the present, the outpost is in one of the new African free states, and the noncom's orders are to maintain political neutrality. His old-fashioned heroics prove not only meaningless but politically embarrassing, and he ends up tossing his glass of wine full in the face of Her Majesty's portrait. And yet there is still a Kiplingesque grandeur with the character portrayed by Richard Attenborough, particularly when juxtaposed to the mouthings of Flora Robson as a lady M.P. trapped in the action, and with the apologetic, Colonel Jack Hawkins.

In the wider view, *Guns at Batasi* is but one more illustration of what is happening to the movies now that their makers are looking more directly at the world about them. Traditional forms, traditional values are giving way as new ideas appear in old guises. Only a few weeks ago (*SR*, Oct. 24) Hollis Alpert wrote in these pages of his "despair of confusion" over *The Americanization of Emily* because, within the framework of a slick, commercial comedy, it questioned the virtue of bravery and the glory of war. Obviously, this is strange ground for such an encounter; but the chances are, as films become more venturesome, audiences and critics alike are in for some rude and healthy jolts.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Adieus from the Bridge

IN Murray Schisgal's merry new lampoon of the banal idiocies that attend love—or "luv," as he calls it—he has provided a challenging scenario for three inventive performers. The action of *Luv* is simple. A character named Milt sees a man about to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. Since this is a common occurrence, he has almost passed by when he recognizes the man as Harry, a college classmate he hasn't seen in fifteen years. The traditional glad hand is in order, and it is only coincidental that their greeting requires a delay in Harry's suicide plans. Thus it is that the Schisgalian dialectic is established. We are in a comic world in which conventional responses and clichéd superficialities have their own logic and compelling force. Devastating events are to be accepted lightly as a matter of course, but trivial annoyances can evoke furious passion.

From this point on, we watch Milt as with frenzied zeal he urges his wife to fall in luv with Harry and give him the divorce he seeks. And in the second act we find Milt, who has been unhappy with his new wife, frantically trying to reclaim his old one.

As Milt, actor Eli Wallach is hilariously impassioned as he pursues each new ploy with a combination of exaggerated tenaciousness and warmhearted ruthlessness. As the wife, Anne Jackson captures the amusing despair of a woman in search of completely fulfilled wifehood at any cost. And as the manic Harry, Alan Arkin is tremendous. His effectiveness stems from the speed with which his whole personality can suddenly become locked into an alien foible. Like W. C. Fields, Mr. Arkin can make funny the utter absorption of a character in a patently absurd project. Watch him as he engages Mr. Wallach in a game of one-downmanship. While the course of their argument is patterned and is therefore fighting the law of diminishing return, the scene grows funnier because of the combatants' increasingly desperate need to win the ridiculous contest. This is neatly demonstrated when, at the point of near-defeat, Mr. Arkin raises his arm to emphasize a point he hasn't yet thought up. And later on he is delightfully droll as, with inner surprise and discomfort, he weighs the possible truth of his wife's carefully worked out scientific explanation that he is a latent homosexual who has married her because he is in luv with Milt.

One suspects, however, that director Mike Nichols, who previously did so much for *Barefoot in the Park* and *The Knack*, deserves a good deal of the credit for turning into a hit a play that fared poorly in its London premiere two seasons ago. Somewhere along the line Mr. Nichols seems to have absorbed the superb sense of disproportion that one finds in the best *New Yorker* cartoons. But he not only knows what is funny; he also knows how to persuade actors to perform it with the right mixture of precision and abandon. There is, for example, fantastic comic flair in having a man try so vigorously to push another man off the bridge that he goes flying over the rail himself. And few directors would have dared to insist upon a first-act curtain in which the actor is required to do a gymnast's flying turn on a lamppost. Yet these touches are necessary to sustain a total perspective in which we will accept such improbabilities as the quick return of the two soggy survivors from the river below, and another scene in which the wife lets her husband furiously apply lipstick, rouge, and mascara to her face in order that she may attract another man. Designer Oliver Smith's bridge setting helps, too, with its bright comic sheen and sense of dissociation mirroring the author's special style.

That personal style is, I suspect, a reflection of Mr. Schisgal's daily irritation with the lack of connection between modern man's impulses and his means of exercising them. Neither in his Off-Broadway success of *The Tiger* and *The Typist* nor in his present Broadway hit does this lead to anything as poetic or profound as one finds in Ionesco. But it does lead to adventurous comic escapades that spring honestly and convincingly from one city-dweller's observation of an existence in which everyone seems to be voluntarily incarcerated on the wrong subway train. —HENRY HEWES.

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On Trial

THE NOTABLE trial lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who specializes in defending persons accused of crime, has switched to the attack in "The High Cost of Television's Courtroom," an article in the forthcoming *Television Quarterly*. He offers the first evidence I have seen that *Perry Mason*, *The Defenders*, and other TV courtroom dramas are producing harmful results in the nation's real-life courtrooms. "Television has taught the American public, through endless repetition," the attorney writes, "that trial lawyers are a scheming, tricky group of professionals. . . . The least significant witness now comes to court expecting to be tricked, ridiculed, and harassed by inquisitorial gimmicks. Argumentative witnesses have increased because of the very real fear that television has created. As a result, trials slow down with absolutely unnecessary evasions."

Mr. Williams has lectured in more than thirty law schools during the past three years, and he has found that students "subtly and almost subliminally . . . have come to understand that criminal cases are decided by rhetoric [and] malevolent tricks. . . . They would like to avoid, as a result, the digging and searching that turns the law student into a competent, disciplined attorney."

The Public Opinion Quarterly last spring published an article that bears upon the charges made by Mr. Williams. Dr. Melvin L. DeFleur, professor of sociology at the University of Kentucky, reported a study of "Occupational Roles in Television," which investigated images of the world of work that children derive from the small screens. He found that they tend to characterize lawyers as "handsome, very clever, and usually legally unorthodox." The author of this study, generalizing on work roles as shown on TV, noted that ". . . stereotypes, atypicality, and entertaining distortions may have subtle effects beyond the ability of present-day research procedures to detect." Mr. Williams, in his *Television Quarterly* article, hopes that courtroom dramas will "come closer to the truth and that scripts will abide with the realities of the legal profession . . . ."

The real-life defender doesn't get much encouragement from "Law, Drama and Criticism," a companion article in the same journal, by Reginald Rose, the television writer who produces *The Defenders*. Mr. Rose ignores Mr. Williams's specific findings, elaborating instead on "those functions which fiction is supposed to execute in any society." The creator of Lawrence and Kenneth Preston, the father-son law team in *The Defenders*, agrees that his series "distorts" details of courtroom procedure; but this is necessary to the dramatic form, he adds, and "the meaning of the law" is faithfully interpreted.

The television dramatist, in concluding, asks: "Who is responsible for the encouragement and sustenance of that spirit of humanity which produces moderation in any society? Is it literal man only . . . or is it poetic man—the poet, dramatist, storyteller, and philosopher—who rises above the daily and mundane facts of life to express some truth of human destiny?"

This suggests an odd reversal of roles. The producer seems to be casting Mr. Williams as the matter-of-fact man, the compromiser, and himself as the poet-philosopher who transcends the literal. It is Mr. Williams, the real-life defender, however, who is the crusading knight-errant insisting on perfectionist realism in TV's courtroom—and it is Mr. Rose who, while seeing himself as the soaring, idealistic dramatist, actually does the compromising in that he reconciles his high objectives with the worldly demands of commercial television.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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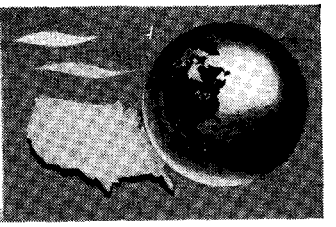

The American Presidential campaign, from conventions to Election Day, was watched as closely abroad as in the United States. This fact was clearly demonstrated by the comments of foreign newspapers on the campaign and the candidates, some of which were recently published in this department. It was no less clearly demonstrated by editorial reaction to the election itself. A sampling of that reaction follows. —J.F.F.

PARIS:

An End to Anachronism

IF THE WHOLE WORLD had voted, Lyndon Johnson would not only be the best-elected American President and the man who was able to collect, in free elections, the greatest number of votes ever. By the hundreds of millions, Europeans, Soviets, Arabs, Indians, Africans, and even South Americans would have cast their votes for him. . . .

Most of these, it is true, would have wished by their votes for Johnson to put a stop to "Goldwaterism," that synthesis—almost touching in its naïveté and pretentiousness—of all that is the most anachronistic, the most aggressive, the most stupidly reactionary in the American psyche. Only those could identify themselves with the Senator from Arizona who, all over the world, refuse the mental rejuvenation for which the universal need has been expressed, in very different ways, by Kennedy's New Frontier, by the updating of the Catholic Church, and by the de-Stalinization of the Communist movement.

—*Le Monde.*

TOKYO:

Forward Steps

PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON'S victory would seem to show that the American people were less sharply divided on the issues than had been supposed. Mr. Johnson will retain his high office on the basis of a powerful margin of popular votes. . . .

Now that Mr. Johnson in due course will be an elected President, there is no reason to suppose that his policies will be materially different from those followed during his period of power since the assassination of President Kennedy elevated him from the Vice Presidency to the White House. . . . Mr. Johnson's foreign and domestic policies were calculated to keep the United States in step with developments in the rest of the world—developments which are generally regarded as constituting forward steps in the onward march of humanity.

Senator Goldwater's ideas were considerably different. We are still at a loss to know what he would have proposed to do if he had been elected. But he gave much prominence in his speeches to state and individual rights and made no secret of his belief that the federal system had been abused. . . .

No doubt there are a good many Americans who feel that the federal government does press heavily on the individual and the local community, but this pressure of the central government is today a feature of political life in all countries. There has obviously been no rising tide of dissatisfaction, however, that would warrant the belief that a withdrawal into the isolation and self-sufficiency of the American past could be possible or desirable in these days. Yet it seems that Senator Goldwater had some such ambition. How far he wished to set the clock back we do not know, but it is obvious that the American people wish to press forward, not to retrace their steps. That there was a good deal that was valuable in the older American way of life is certainly true, but the majority of Americans have made up their minds that no amount of nostalgic feeling must permit them from coming to terms with the future, however disturbing that future may be. . . .

—*Japan Times.*

—*El Tiempo, Bogota.*

MOSCOW:

Toward Mutual Understanding

THE ELECTION BROUGHT a crushing defeat to Goldwater, the leader of Birchers, racists, and the most militant circles of monopoly capital.

However, after swallowing the bitter pill, Goldwater continued to ride his high horse. In his statement after the defeat he did not refrain from anti-Communist tirades, and in his message to Johnson he urged the solution of the problems of Cuba and Vietnam—that is, he urged a risk of new adventures.

By their votes, the American people have given a response to the preacher of the reckless policy of balancing on the brink of war. By refusing to trust Goldwater, the Americans have unambiguously stated that they want another policy, a policy of mutual understanding among nations, a policy of realism. They expect that their hopes will not be deceived. —*Pravda.*

BOMBAY:

Sigh of Relief

ALTHOUGH THE LAST FEW weeks of the U.S. election campaign had left little doubt as to the outcome, the world can now heave a sigh of relief over the fact that Mr. Lyndon Johnson has won the Presidential race and, in the process, obviously buried Goldwaterism itself. From the point of view of India, all qualms about the continuity and scale of economic and military aid from the U.S. may now be set at rest.

—*The Financial Express.*

MANCHESTER:

A New Stature

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S mighty vote for President Johnson is their endorsement of coexistence abroad and a fair deal at home. Their allies will congratulate them on giving to the leader of the alliance an immense stature in his own right. Fear of ill-considered foreign adventures obviously ranked high in the thoughts of American voters, as it did in the thoughts of all the nonvoters overseas to whom the complexion of the American Presidency is almost equally important. When the search is now resumed, as the President has promised it will be, for ways to reduce disunity in the Atlantic Alliance, Britain will be treating with a President it can trust. This might not have been so, and had the polls not been so confident the anxiety these past few weeks would have been painful. Until this election Britain has not since the war had to face the

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possibility of an American President whose basic view of the world it could not share. Should the Goldwater wing, even under another label, remain in control of the Republican Party that possibility will arise again. The process of party reconstruction will thus be watched attentively. For all his huge defeat Senator Goldwater had the support of two Americans out of five. Even allowing for malcontent Democrats, his supporters may well represent a majority inside the Republican Party. But parties need the hope of office to stay alive. The Republicans will have a strong inducement to choose next time a candidate in the American mainstream.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

COPENHAGEN:

New Alignment?

THE VOTERS THAT the Democratic Party succeeded in gathering together represent such a broad section of American society—from Negroes and working people to big business—that today there are at least two or three large parties in its framework. The reversal of votes that took place weakened even more the old differences between the voting population of the individual states, and thus led American politics forward toward a leveling of these local barriers.

Whatever policy the President pursues, one or the other of his party groups may find itself more in consensus with its counterpart in the Republican Party. We may yet see the political parties rearrange themselves in accordance with the structure of the new American society. —*Politiken.*

TIRANA:

Deeds, Not Words

THE PEOPLE . . . knew the American President quite well. They knew him not through his words and various appearances during the election campaign, but through his concrete deeds.

—*Zeri i Popullit (Albania).*

BOGOTA:

Exponent of the People

IN THE NEW STEPS to be initiated by President Johnson as a result of the explicit ratification of the trust given him by his people, there will undoubtedly be a stronger confirmation of the personal, cautious, prudent, and able style of this political man and his team of co-workers belonging to the strictly political cadres of the Democratic Party, with much less participation by the intellectuals, the scientific men, and the university men found in the singular and unforgettable "Kennedy Era." In the last Presidential election, Kennedy and Johnson certainly did not represent the same things. Kennedy was the novelty, the opening to the future, and Johnson was a concession to political tradition, the influx of the parliamentary game in great decisions, the weight of sectors of the Democratic Party that were important but notoriously less inclined to novelty. . . .

Johnson is the most authentic exponent of his people. And, in the controversy with the extremist Senator Goldwater, he personified clearly a line that was more suitable to the classic ideals of his nation and to the realities of the contemporary world. . . . The re-election of Johnson brings tranquility and security to all corners of his country and of the world. The United States has not taken a step backward. —*El Espectador.*

ROME:

Triumph of Tradition

BEFORE WORLD WAR I, the news of an American Presidential election used to be summarized in our newspapers in a few lines. Today upon such an election may well depend the security of all the Western world.

Even if Goldwater had been elected, peace would not have been threatened. The two candidates had different views on American life and political matters, but after the election the American task of acting as moderator in international life would have continued.

This time the election battle did not follow its usual pattern. Goldwater not only questioned the benefits of the New Deal policy, but condemned the politics of peaceful coexistence at any price—politics that during the Kennedy Administration came close to threatening world peace by being a deteriorating form of radicalism that undermines the very nature of any society or nation. Kennedy's radicalism was not only impairing American life, but was largely responsible for the neutral bloc's negative reaction to the European world.

Johnson continued his predecessor's politics but brought to it his good common sense, his firmness, and his experience. His victory, then, was not the victory of democracy over its dubious opposition, but basically the triumph of the democratic tradition in America.

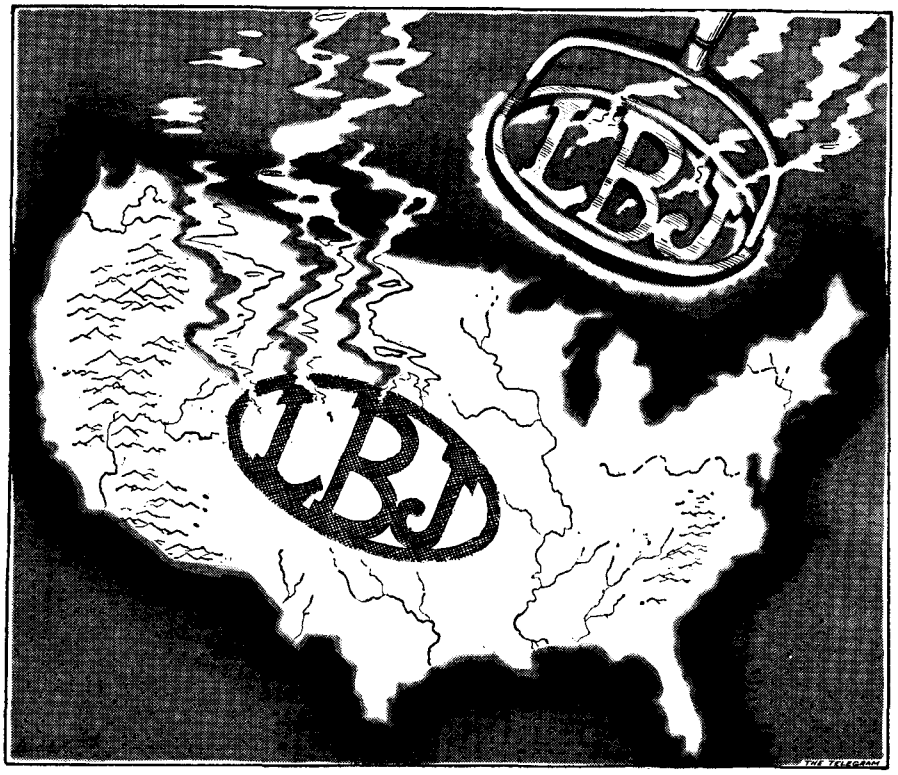
—*Il Tempo.*

HAMBURG:

Waiting World

NOT ONLY THE U.S. breathes more freely now that one of the dirtiest election campaigns in decades is finally over. . . . The whole free world is waiting for America to take over the leadership again. The problems demanding solutions are too great and too many.

The leaderless situation did not start with the election campaign but with the murder of President John F. Kennedy a year ago. . . . In the period of no leadership we have been living in uncertainty. That period is now over. Now equipped with the mandate of the people, the President-elect can start with politics in earnest. He must tackle the



—*The Telegram, Toronto.*

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ever-widening gap among the Atlantic allies and his country's position in South Vietnam. He must bring to a halt the deteriorating relations with Latin America and decide how the free world should respond to the developments in the Eastern bloc in order to take advantage of them.

These are only a few of the many problems awaiting the attention of the man in the White House. The whole world expects him to seize the loose reins and take immediate action.

—*Die Woche.*

TORONTO:

New Challenges

WHEN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE have something to say, they say it thoughtfully and firmly. They did this when they elected Lyndon B. Johnson as President to carry on the Democratic Administration put into office by the late John F. Kennedy. They rejected unequivocally the far-right policies of his Republican opponent, Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

To the world this means that American policy will flow along the even stream that has made this great power an enriching ally of all parts of Western civilization for at least two decades.

It means that there will be no rash adventures in meeting the contest of Communist powers, that there will be no retreat from the forward movement to encourage the concept of brotherhood among Americans of different races, that the policies which have made America rich and have nourished its friends in the international community will be continued.

The record of American policy through five administrations is one that presents no threat to any and offers succor to the distressed. What more can one ask?

So this is a time when Canadians should look hard and dispassionately at their American neighbors—a people who speak with a different accent but whose ideals and aspirations are so close to those which we and our allies cherish....

America has always responded to challenge—sometimes belatedly, it's true—and once having faced challenge has met it with resolve and bravery. It is facing new challenges today. World balances are shifting, nationalist and racial rivalries are becoming feverish, not only in those continents where such things are recurring phenomena but in the new continents as well.

The Republican candidate did not propose measures which seemed adequate to a changing world. There was no constructive policy designed to encourage a detente between the Soviet empire and its older rivals. There was no attempt to soften the tensions between racial elements in the U.S. There was no effort to chart a new and useful course for the nation in today's world.

In the circumstances, the American people rejected the negative. That was the verdict the electorate sounded loud and clear. —*The Telegram.*

KARACHI:

Fresh Hopes

BY RETURNING President Lyndon Johnson to the White House with such a record majority, the American people have rejected the dictum of his Republican rival, Senator Barry Goldwater, that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." By the same token, they have given the successful candidate a clear mandate for peace. In his statement immediately after the announcement of his victory, President Johnson acknowledged this when he said that the mandate he had received was "a command to me to move forward toward peace and provide a better life for the American people." By making this point so clearly on the very morrow of his resounding victory, President Johnson has kindled fresh hopes not only in the minds of the American people but in the minds of people all over the world. . . .

It is greatly to be hoped that President Lyndon Johnson, who is now the head of the government of the world's most powerful democracy in his own right, and who has attained the stature of one of the most popular and giant-sized leaders whom American elections have ever produced, will now bring a more realistic and, if we may say so, a more unbiased outlook to bear on these complex problems. Here in this country, the government and the people continue to cherish their friendly ties with the great American people, and they have every intention of remaining loyal to their alliances—despite the fact that their military aspect has considerably faded into the background due to the impact of various factors. The personal friendship between President Ayub and President Johnson has survived whatever strains might have arisen from time to time, and in his message of greetings the President describes himself not only as Mr. Johnson's personal friend but also an admirer. That admiration is more widely shared than perhaps the carping critics in Washington realize. There is no reason why, after the relevant issues are realistically assessed and the vastly changing international situation is objectively appraised, America should not once more regain goodwill wherever lost and the cooperation not only of her allies but also of all mankind—not excluding those 700 million people whom America has so far sought wrongly and unsuccessfully to ignore. —*Dawn.*

At Random

►"The [American] people have not veered from their course and have rejected Goldwater, proclaiming their unadulterated faith in the principles that constitute the moral and juridical structure of their state and the honest spirit of their national being."

—*El Tiempo, Bogota.*

►"The vigor of American society turns into political strength through the guarantees that its balance-of-power system offers. It is an expensive and a lengthy one, and yet, even through extreme conflicts such as the Johnson-Goldwater one, the coexistence of millions of Americans has succeeded again in finding a reassuring equilibrium."

—*La Stampa, Turin.*

►"A significant side show in the United States election was the victory of Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the late President and Attorney General in his Cabinet, in the New York Senatorial contest. . . .Despite the physical resemblance, Mr. Kennedy is a less attractive figure than his brother. In his earlier years has was an associate of the late Senator McCarthy. While he was a vigorous Attorney General, he showed a rather disturbing disregard for the rights of people in the toils of the law. We hope that a few years in the Senate will mellow him." —*Toronto Daily Star.*

►"President Johnson, in leading his new Administration, is expected especially to strive for new policies with regard to China and Southeast Asia as a statesman of deep thought and far-reaching insight."

—*Asahi Shimbun, Tokyo.*

►"Johnson's victory did not come as a surprise, yet its effect is immensely satisfying—first, because of the firm rejection of Goldwater's naïve, dangerous, and irresponsible policy; second, and even more importantly, because the USA, as spokesman of the West, can now lead again." —*Stuttgarter Nachrichten.*

►"The decisive issue in the election was foreign affairs, and the President may now feel more free to make his own initiatives in this field. He may even feel that the size of his majority justifies him in acknowledging the existence of Communist China."

—*The Financial Times, London.*

►"Mr. Johnson's success insures that there is scope for cautious improvement in East-West relations and that the improvements of the last few years are not put in danger." —*Glasgow Herald.*

►"The election results have shown that public opinion is prepared for racial integration, extension of Social Security benefits, and a more determined bid to bring the benefits of science and technology to the poorer half of the world."

—*Times of India, Bombay.*

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"On" Night at the Met—Steinberg

SOME people whose names—Katharyn Horne, Hans Meister, Carolyn Martin, Patricia Heyes—are ordinarily assigned to small type as footnotes to Metropolitan Opera activities were promoted to prominence in the latest "new production" and made themselves altogether welcome. These are not new young singers usurping the places of older luminaries, but something rarer in recent Metropolitan happenings—members of the ballet given a chance to prove their worth in a production of *Les Sylphides* staged by the company's new director of ballet, Alicia Markova.

This is not the first time a Metropolitan ballet has been given the run of the stage as part of a double bill (the singing half this time was Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*) or even the first time during Rudolf Bing's directorship. But it is the first time in a couple of decades (since George Balanchine, Lincoln Kirstein, and the then American Ballet had a go at it in the late Thirties) that the results have been sufficiently encouraging to warrant continuation and expansion. There was a time when a Metropolitan opera evening might also offer Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* or Casella's *La Giara,* and there is no reason why it cannot, again.

The credit for the promising outlook belongs, in the first place, to the dancers themselves, every one of the dozen and a half participating; but almost coequally to Dame Alicia, without whom they might still be pining for the long-desired, long-deferred opportunity. Those who knew the high personal standards of this fine artist were not surprised to observe, in the attitudes of the corps as well as in the execution of her choreography ("after Michel Fokine") a familiar reminiscence of her own phrasing, arm lines, hand positions, the softness and lightness that were her special distinctions. But those who had no knowledge of her abilities as a teacher could only marvel at the discipline she has exacted in a relatively short time, the unanimity of the ensemble she has achieved, and the very good over-all style she has imposed on the performers.

Needless to say, one does not manufacture star dancers at will (it took the original Sadler's Wells troupe more than a decade to rear a Margot Fonteyn in the shadow of the young Markova), and the execution varied from one to another. Best of them was the versatile Katharyn Horne, who showed a very solid technique and decided lightness in the Mazurka and especially the *pas de deux*. In the latter she was partnered by Hans Meister, who has a fine figure, good balance, and the kind of manly bearing that is decidedly an asset. Amusingly enough, when he ran off after the opening Nocturne, it was with a gait almost exactly that of Anton Dolin, Alicia Markova's long-time associate in this as well as other works. But everybody has to have a model, and Markova has given Meister a very good one.

The contributory elements, including a handsome sylvan setting and brightly new traditional costumes by Rolf Gérard and a sensitive direction of Chopin's music by Silvio Varviso, were of a quality to dignify any effort, and this one was worthy of them. Had the venture begun ten, or even five, years ago, it would be much more advanced than it is today. But given another five years, especially if they are five years with Markova, it is altogether possible that the Metropolitan Ballet could attain a quality standard to be an attraction on its own. To judge from the audience response, the ballet gave pleasure while earning credit.

Some of the elements in the following *Don Pasquale* were a carryover from the last performances of 1957, including the gaily ingenious settings of Wolfgang Roth, with its simple but suitable revolving platform, the accomplished Don of Fernando Corena, and the suave Malatesta of Frank Guarera. Neither sings the music as well as he did previously, and as a result there is more pitter than patter, but each can be funny without being vulgar. Best of the new elements were the tastefully fresh-voiced Ernesto of Luigi Alva and the rousing direction of Varviso.

An apology was offered on behalf of a foot injury suffered by Gianna d'Angelo during rehearsals; but it resulted in slowing her action down by just about the desirable amount. Nothing was said about vocal indisposition, which might have been invoked to account for the roughness of her attempts at florid singing. Miss d'Angelo apparently associates comedy with coyness, bringing on baby tones and pinched vowel sounds. She has both the range and the power to sing this music creditably; what is perhaps desirable is a dose of Instant Aging that would adjust her self-esteem to her abilities and induce the artistry that is currently lacking. Meanwhile, the listener will have to apply selective attention to the attractive surroundings in which Donizetti's enchanting score is being well played and sometimes suitably sung. The credits should be extended to include mention of the sharply etched characterization of a Notary by Andrea Velis, who has added much in virtuosity to his work this season.

The season's first two *Falstaffs* were as different as day and night—the work-a-day buffo of Anselmo Colzani and the Knight of Geraint Evans. Without the latter, who came on from San Francisco at short notice, Joseph Rosenstock's musical direction was considerably short of the high standard achieved last season by Leonard Bernstein. With him, there was a source of style on the stage that flowed over the unsmiling direction of Rosenstock.

Evans didn't appear to be in his best voice (a consequence, perhaps, of some heavy parts he has been singing on the Coast), but, like the superior performer he is, he worked around the tender spots and applied his power only where it was indispensable. Save for the replacement of Rosalind Elias as Meg by Mildred Miller—another change that was not an improvement—the cast remained as it had been last season, with special appeal in the singing of Gabriella Tuccias Alicia, Judith Raskin as Nannetta, and Luigi Alva as Fenton. As for Regina Resnik as Quickly, she is one bundle of felicity. Rosenstock's tendency to yield leadership to a strong-willed performer was not tested by Evans; the results should strengthen the conductor's determination to maintain momentum no matter what (or who).

For the average guest director, an orchestral engagement offers hardly more than the opportunity to unpack a bag, prepare a favored program or two, and then be off to the next encounter. For William Steinberg of Pittsburgh, the principal beneficiary of Leonard Bernstein's sabbatical, this New York Philharmonic season provides a twelve-week tenure, making him less a guest than a tenant.

Something appropriate to this leasehold was reflected in the first of his programs in Philharmonic Hall, which was less of the "let's get acquainted" variety than the "let's see what you can do" sort. First there was a cellar-to-roof inspection of the property in Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra;* then there was a closer attention to some of the smaller rooms in Webern's Opus 6 pieces; then they all settled down in the study for a good chat over the Brahms No. 4.

Doubtless Steinberg has his own opinion of the conditions he discovered, which could not be read in a facial expression as impassive as his back. If they accorded with the impressions of this listener, he might have made a mental note to look into the state of the horn section (in *Zarathustra*), and check some lapses from unanimity in Webern. Other-

(*Continued on page* 65)

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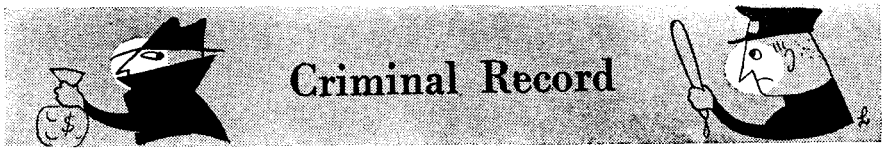

A Right to Die. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.50. Gargantuan Nero Wolfe and catalytic Archie Goodwin tackle double murders having overtones of racism; Evansville and Racine are visited. He's still a twenty-game winner.

A Kind of Anger. *By Eric Ambler. Atheneum.* $4.95. Dutch journalist on Paris staff of U.S. newsmagazine is given forlorn-hope assignment when Iraqi politico is murdered in Zurich; most of action is on French Riviera. Typical Ambler creation, but with some deceleration in midstream.

Lydia. *By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday.* $3.95. New York insurance eye trails missing necklace over clutter of corpses; has help. Author's fifth "entertainment" (all are named on the hurricane principle, but not in alphabetic order) lives up to established high standard of fun and ferocity.

Accounting for Murder. *By Emma Lathen. Macmillan.* $3.95. New York banking and management circles jarred when questing CPA is found strangled; Thatcher of Sloan Guaranty Trust scouts around for perpetrator of fiscal skulduggery. Prime comedy all the way.

Question of Loyalty. *By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row.* $3.95. High-IQ Inspector van der Valk of Amsterdam police covers Holland, Belgium, and a corner of Germany in search of killer. Erudite, witty, and quite a little gem.

The Unprofessional Spy. *By Michael Underwood. Crime Club.* $3.50. Barrister who lost London espionage case undertakes security assignment in Berlin, where he had been pre-1939 student; a girl figures. Highly astute and enjoyable comedy of errors, with fine picture of present-day Reich.

Don't Play with the Rough Boys. *By Simon Troy. Macmillan.* $3.95. Sympathetic Inspector Smith takes charge when blunt instrument fells Londoner holidaying on Sussex coast; Yeats is quoted. Holds up nicely.

Michael Shayne's 50th Case. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Florida car salesman, homing from Miami convention, suspects wife's infidelity; appalling discovery is made. Congratulations on author's semicentennial production!

The Chill and the Kill. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.95. Rural vicar (unskilled driver) concusses sixteen-year-old girl; who develops second sight and foretells all sorts of dire things-to-be, including, you may be sure, murder. Whimsey abounds.

Crimes Across the Sea. *Edited by John Creasey. Preface by Harold Brean. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Nineteenth annual anthology of Mystery Writers of America employs ingenious gimmick: British authors accent America, American authors accent Britain. One of the best in established series.

Don't Cry for Long. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Mac (Chi. eye) tangles with blackmail plotters, gal who gives him trouble, and gal who doesn't; there are dead. Smoothly functioning toughie.

The Emperor's Pearl. *By Robert van Gulik. Scribners.* $3.50. Apparently unrelated pair of killings set Judge Dee on detection path. Welcome to a new series of these ingenious puzzlers.

The End of Solomon Grundy. *By Julian Symons. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Residents of posh suburban London development take sides when one of their number faces trial for murder. Urbane, ironic, and highly satisfying.

The Laughter Trap. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Three murders and one near-miss jolt packed house at ritzy Vermont skiing resort. Weather cold, track fast, story uneven.

Secrets and Spies. *By various writers. Reader's Digest Association.* $4.95. These 65 "behind the scenes" stories of the Second World War have all appeared in *Reader's Digest* in the past 22 years. Good for fast reading, but several yarns suffer from overcondensation.

The Duplicate. *By H. Baldwin Taylor. Crime Club.* $3.50. Yankee village newshawk has doubts about three-way slaughter wherein local cop is one victim; he looks into matters, as does female competitor. Rather leisurely.

The Liquidator. *By John Gardner. Viking.* $3.95. British security killer-for-hire has hell of a time when amorous interlude on Côte d'Azur develops toughie overtones. Brisk, brash, bouncy, and bawdy.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

NOVELTREES

We are accustomed to associating trees in literature with poets and poetry. But Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has assembled the group of novelists below together with the books they have written with real trees as titles. She wonders how many of them you can bring together. If the forest gets too deep, a clearing can be found on page 39.

1.	H. E. Bates	( )	*The Silk-Cotton Tree*
2.	Mary Stewart	( )	*The Chokecherry Tree*
3.	Aubrey Menen	( )	*The Jacaranda Tree*
4.	Michael Keon	( )	*The Christmas Tree*
5.	A. J. Cronin	( )	*The Hornbeam Tree*
6.	Isabel Bolton	( )	*The Juniper Tree*
7.	Frederick Manfred	( )	*The Gingko Tree*
8.	Howard Rigsby	( )	*The Dragon Tree*
9.	Faith Baldwin	( )	*The Durian Tree*
10.	Richard Mason	( )	*The Thorn Tree*
11.	Sheelagh Burns	( )	*The Flame Tree*
12.	Theodore Pratt	( )	*The Tulip Tree*
13.	Robin Estridge	( )	*The Judas Tree*
14.	Victor Canning	( )	*The Fever Tree*
15.	Esther S. Warner	( )	*The Olive Tree*
16.	Mary Ellen Chase	( )	*The Plum Tree*
17.	Cid Ricketts Sumner	( )	*The Fig Tree*
18.	Nelia Gardner White	( )	*The Ivy Tree*

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

One of the most colorful as well as prolific authors around is John D. MacDonald, who has already written fifty novels, 500 magazine articles, and a new series with such dazzling titles as *The Deep Blue Good-By, Nightmare in Pink, A Purple Place for Dying, The Quick Red Fox,* and *A Deadly Shade of Gold.* The prismatic hero is a loner, a boat bum, a "thinking man's Robin Hood" called Travis McGee, who, like MacDonald, lives in Florida. "McGee's not bad," said MacDonald during a recent New York visit. "In our culture everybody's a displaced person, so it's no wonder it's easy to identify with McGee." An even more practical reason for keeping McGee unfettered by family, friends, or furniture is to keep the series from bogging down. "Whenever I get tired of McGee living on that houseboat in Ft. Lauderdale I can just move him to New Orleans or the West coast or any new harbor. That keeps the story line free and easy." Asked why the kaleidoscopic assortment of titles, MacDonald wearing black hornrimmed glasses, a blue blazer, and a silvery crewcut, replied, "The colors will help readers identify the books they have read much easier than if they were numbered. The series, *deo volente,* will go on to at least ten, and think of the colors I haven't even used yet . . . like beige and amber and indigo and—say, what about puce?"

Jean-Paul Sartre, who recently refused this year's Nobel Prize, has written a stirring study of yet another passionate Frenchman, Jean Genet, criminal, genius, and, in Sartre's book, *Saint Genet* (Mentor, $1.25). "Genet is a man-failure," writes Sartre. "He wills the impossible in order to be sure of being unable to achieve it and in order to be able to derive from the tragic grandeur of this defeat the assurance that there is something other than the possible." . . . Another uncommon literary combination is Ezra Pound, who collaborated with Marcella Spann in creating an anthology of poetry, *Confucius to Cummings* (New Directions, $2.75). In 1956, when Mr. Pound was at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., Miss Spann, then a graduate student at East Texas State College, wrote to him requesting an interview on her forthcoming trip East. She attended one of the now-famous literary hoedowns under the trees. "I think he got the idea that I could make a suitable selection for junior college kids when he borrowed my copy of *Spirit of Romance,* in which I had marked certain passages," said Miss Spann. "He was pleased with the markings and told me that I had picked the best of the books—so he came up with what he thought was a workable arrangement. He would choose the poets necessary for the picture and I would choose the poems."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The war novel has many guises, from the straightforward exploits recorded by Norman Mailer and James Jones to the more subtle, satiric trilogy by Evelyn Waugh called *Men at War.* The first two novels, *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen,* have just been published in one weighty volume (Dell, 75¢) about Guy Crouchback, an earnest Englishman, gentleman, and officer, who in the final book, *The End of the Battle* (Delta, $1.75), learns that national pageantry is less enduring than personal honor. And often, like the best of Waugh's earlier works, this trio maintains a precarious and lovely balance between hilarity and tragedy. James Gould Cozzens's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *Guard of Honor* (Harvest, $2.45) reveals the life of World War II air force men, the fly boys without the glamor of leather jackets and silk scarves. H. L. Humes's *The Underground City* (Random House, $2.45) tells about another war waged beneath Paris during France's occupation.

Also among the new paperbacks are E. M. Forster's early (pre-1914) tales, *The Eternal Moment and Other Stories* (Universal Library, $1.65), which are as dryly impeccable as this opening line of the title story: "Do you see that mountain just behind Elizabeth's toque? A young man fell in love with me there so nicely twenty years ago." It was E. M. Forster who wrote of his contemporary Virginia Woolf: "She gave acute pleasure in new ways, and pushed the light of the English language a little further against darkness." Both *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* (Harvest, $1.45 each) have just appeared in handsome new editions.

Noted, too, among new fiction: William Humphrey's brooding first novel, *Home from the Hill* (Knopf, $1.95); Günter Grass's madhouse tale of postwar Germany, *The Tin Drum* (Pantheon, $2.45); Erich Maria Remarque's sardonic and funereal *The Black Obelisk* (Crest, 75¢); Gerald Warner Brace's brisk story of a New England past, *The Garretson Chronicle* (Norton, $1.65).

Our Times

One of the bedazzling and bewildering aspects of life in this decade has been the increased availability of "culture" through the mass media. This is a matter of some concern to the contributors to *Culture for the Millions* (Beacon, $1.95), an uncommonly energetic symposium edited by Norman Jacobs and offering articles usually more in sympathy than disagreement with the proposition that catering to popular taste tends to corrupt art. The outspoken spokesmen include Randall Jarrell with some witty words on "A Sad Heart at the Supermarket," James Baldwin, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Oscar Handlin, and Hannah Arendt, who mourns that "those who actively promote this decay are not the Tin Pan Alley composers but a special kind of intellectual, often well read and well informed, whose sole function is to organize, disseminate, and change cultural objects in order to make them palatable to those who want to be entertained or—and this is worse—to be 'educated.' That is, to acquire as cheaply as possible some kind of cultural knowledge to improve their social status."

That distinguished arbiter of artistic

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values Sir Herbert Read takes a few well-placed jabs at everything "pop" in *To Hell with Culture* (Schocken, $1.75), not nearly so Philistine a book as it sounds. Indeed, Sir Herbert sighs that the most cultured of all peoples, the Greeks, had no word for culture. It never occurred to them, so integral a part of their daily life it was.

An informative book on mass communication is *Personal Influence* (Free Press, $2.95), by Elihu Katz and Paul Lazarsfeld, which ponders who makes the acceptable opinions on products and how these opinion-makers cause their force felt throughout the land, from hairdos to film personalities. A broader spectrum of our times is English anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer's *The American People* (Norton, $1.65), a study of our national character written some twenty years ago but updated last year with some especially pertinent words on superpatriots and their psychotic need to act boldly rather than suffer the uncertainty of national and international anxieties.

The World Around Us

All this interest in astronauts careening through space can't help but increase our concern with the more natural events of the atmosphere. Harlow Shapley, for many years director of the Harvard Observatory, presents in *The View from a Distant Star* (Delta, $1.75) his customary Olympian awareness of possible life on other planets. As with most great scientists, Dr. Shapley's humility comes from seeing our own earth as a mere pebble on a vast cosmic beach. Jame S. Pickering, astronomer at New York's Hayden Planetarium, explains "the oldest science" and, specifically, the solar system of which we, the moon, and the other planets are prisoners. A more elementary book (it really belongs on the young people's shelf) is Martha Evans Martin's fifty-year-old *The Friendly Stars* (Dover, $1), a genial introduction to the properties, distances, and intensities of such as Vega, Orion, and the Dog Star. The pull-out star charts are almost worth the price of the book.

From the top of the heavens to the depth of the ocean, Marston Bates's *The Forest and the Sea* (Signet, Science Library, 60¢) investigates the delicate relationship between man and his ever-changing environment. Edwin Way Teale's new revision of J. Henri Fabre's classic *The Insect World* (Premier, 60¢) abbreviates but as gently as a butterfly's wing these perfect observations of the tiniest creature kingdom.

Scarcely anyone writing about the natural world today combines as much scientific information with sheer adventure as does Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the French marine biologist. Together with James Dugan, he reports in *The Living Sea* (Pocket Books, 75¢) on the adventures of the good ship *Calypso* in its quest for sunken treasure from classical antiquity.

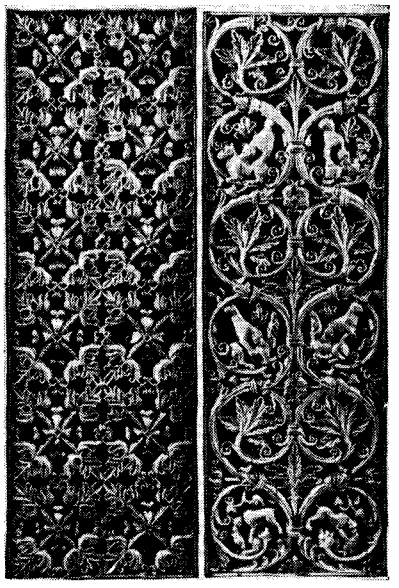
"I seek acquaintance with nature," wrote Thoreau, and that's just about what Joseph Wood Krutch is doing in *The Voice of the Desert* (Apollo, $1.25), a muted contemplation of the American West. Anyone who has been startled by the descent of migrating robins, or wondered at the stark formation of geese in flight, or pondered a gull miles out at sea journeying to some distant shore will find *Bird Migration* (Anchor, $1.25), by Dr. Donald R. Griffin, an informative and often illuminating book. L. Sprague de Camp's *Elephant* (Pyramid, 75¢) follows those two-ton footprints from the trek over the Alps in Hannibal's retinue to P. T. Barnum's eight-ton, eleven-foot prize named Jumbo.

Schools

Among the people who have commented most aptly about contemporary problems of education are two Harvard presidents. In *The American High School Today* (Signet, 60¢), James B. Conant who headed Harvard before he went to work for the federal government, offers some general statements as well as more than twenty specific recommendations in what has come to be known as "the Conant Report." Among the suggestions are enlarged counseling services, enriched programs for the academically gifted, and four-year language plans. Nathan Pusey's *The Age of the Scholar* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.35) reviews the past ten years in the life of the university, which, says Dr. Pusey, now has two major activities: teaching and research.

The relationship between church and state has toppled many a crowned head, and even in this country it still remains a subject of lively controversy, especially where federal and state funds are involved. One of the best books on the subject is a surprisingly spritely symposium, *Religion and the State University* (Ann Arbor, $2.25), edited by Erich A. Walter, and containing the opinions of such leading representatives of their faiths (Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant respectively) as John Courtney Murray, Will Herberg, and Roland H. Bainton. Edmund Fuller of Kent School in Connecticut has edited *Schools and Scholarship* (Yale University Press, $1.95), the second volume of discussions at Kent on "the Christian idea of education," in which such participants as Henri Peyre and George N. Schuster clarify some of the academic confusions. *The Story of Education* (Bantam, $1.45), by Carroll Atkinson and Eugene T. Maleska, relates modern school techniques and theories to a past that extends all the way to Martin Luther, allegedly the father of compulsory education.

While philosophers pondered how many angels danced on the head of a pin, artists of the Middle Ages laboriously and lavishly detailed the intricate patterns of illuminations. John Beckwith's *Early Medieval Art* (Praeger, $3.95) offers the splendid blossoms of the Carolingian Renaissance, when Charlemagne's court was a sunburst in the dark centuries.



Above: St. Matthew from the Gospel book of Archbishop Ebbo of Reims, Hautvilliers, near Reims; before 823.

Right: Ivory bookcover carved, probably by Tuotilo, at St. Gall about 900.

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To Die and Never Know Why

The Family of Pascual Duarte, *by Camilo José Cela, translated by Anthony Kerrigan (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 166 pp. $4.50), catalogues the mindless violence, the suffering and ferocity perpetrated and endured by the protagonist, a Castillian peasant. Emile Capouya, whose own forebears came from Spain, is a literary critic and essayist.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

IN THE introduction to his English version of *The Family of Pascual Duarte,* Mr. Anthony Kerrigan describes Camilo José Cela as "the finest writer of fiction remaining in Spain." He then goes on to acknowledge handsomely "the great Spaniards of the Spanish Exodus"—*i.e.,* those writers who left the country after the Civil War—while declining to make comparisons between them and Cela. That refusal is understandable. All such comparisons would involve extra-literary considerations that are remote from Mr. Kerrigan's immediate purpose, which is of course to present his author sympathetically to the English-speaking world. From our point of view, however, it is worth remarking that Spain has been forcibly exporting talented elements of its population for a millennium; the expulsion of the Arabs, then of the Jews, and in our own time of the artists and scholars opposed to fascism, represent only the most notorious examples of the endless attempt to purify the nation of its intellectual and moral vitality. And this historical observation is relevant in two ways to our appreciating *The Family of Pascual Duarte.* First, it helps to explain the fact that in post-Christian Western Europe, Spain is a stronghold of pre-Christian attitudes and values. Secondly, it provides the immediate context for the desperate apathy and desperate violence that are the substance of Cela's novel.

Pascual Duarte is a Castillian peasant writing the story of his life while awaiting execution for murder. He is going to the garrotte because of the one murder he does not recount in his memoirs. He has, at various times, shot his dog because it stared at him too intently, knifed a fellow-villager for an ambiguous remark about his bride, killed his sister's pimp for having been too long in-

Camilo José Cela—"portentous."

vulnerable, and hacked his own mother to death because she was the author of his troubles. These offenses, which appear capital to the penitent Pascual Duarte, the state has regarded as venial, punishing them with prison sentences only. But his killing of the local squire, a matter he considers with some justice as relatively marginal, moves the government to invoke its ultimate sanction, and end his life in the Spanish manner by tightening a wooden collar around his windpipe.

Pascual Duarte speaks of suffering and ferocity so appalling as to be almost beyond the reach of our sympathy. They stun even more than they horrify —and that, incidentally, is the ground for differing with the common judgment that Camilo José Cela's novel is a literary classic. Powerful it is without a doubt. Archetypically portentous it seems to be, but what meaning can be attached to Pascual Duarte's mindless violence and mindless repentance eludes our power of conception. It is as if he incarnated, on the personal scale, a catastrophe as overwhelming as the Nazi horrors, that with their mixture of idealism and automatism sicken the imagination. The sociological or psychological explanation can never fill the void that the Third Reich created in the landscape of the soul; one could offer sociological or psychological accounts of Pascual Duarte's life that would be adequate on their own terms, but those terms are not really relevant to the abasement and prostration he represents. As children of the Enlightenment, we are quite firm about wanting to change the conditions that produce a Pascual Duarte. But there is that in him that suggests a condition anterior to all "conditions," and evokes in us a superstitious terror that the humanization of man may be unrealizable.

Mr. Kerrigan's translation strikes the reader at first as forceful but unidiomatic and too penetrated with the original language. But after a while we grow accustomed to his dialect or are caught up in the narrative; in any case, his English version comes to seem quite adequate. His introduction to the novel is informative and provocatively wrong-headed, particularly in its attempt to associate Cela with Malaparte and Céline, Pascual Duarte with Camus's Stranger and the man who shot President Kennedy. Such comparisons assume that we know very little about the authors of *My Prisons* and *Journey to the End of the Night,* and a great deal about the motives of real and fictional murderers. But, these reservations apart, it seems to me that Mr. Kerrigan has more than done his duty by a book that may or may not be a classic but is certainly a most important novel.

Lost in Illusion: Alex Austin's *The Blue Guitar* (Frederick Fell, $3.95) has had an odd publishing history. Written in English by an American, it was first published in France in a French translation. Now it has come home.

It seems appropriate that its birth pains should differ from those of so many other novels. The story it tells, and the telling, are different. The setting is a strip of beach, its houses shuttered for the winter save for the boarding house of Mrs. Orlovski. The novel is focused on three people: Jean Orlovski, who is blind; his sister, Sygen, with whom he is incestuously involved, and a boarder, Miss Smith, the legendary film beauty who seeks her lost glamour in Jean's blind eyes.

Where another writer, given this trio, might have profitably concentrated on sexual reportage, Alex Austin has bypassed the temptingly obvious and in its place fashioned a mood piece, always in the best possible taste. His approach is near-poetic as he creates a wintery white world of sand and water, a place seemingly lost in time, where three equally lost people play at private illusion and shatter themselves into reality. In this place where Nature, not man, rules, there are no smearing labels for Jean and his sister. Their crime, and the only one with which Mr. Austin is concerned, is not their love but the denial

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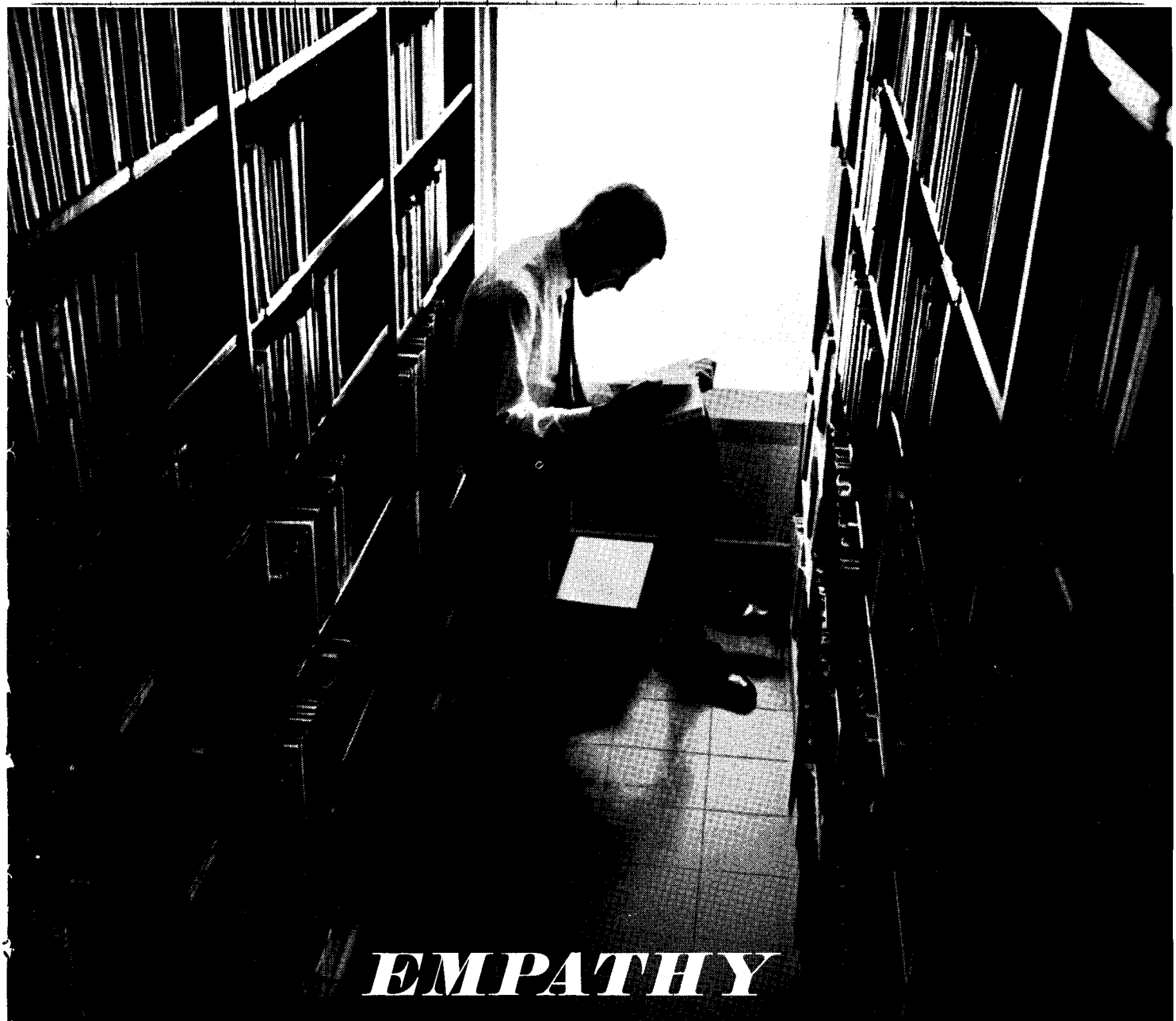

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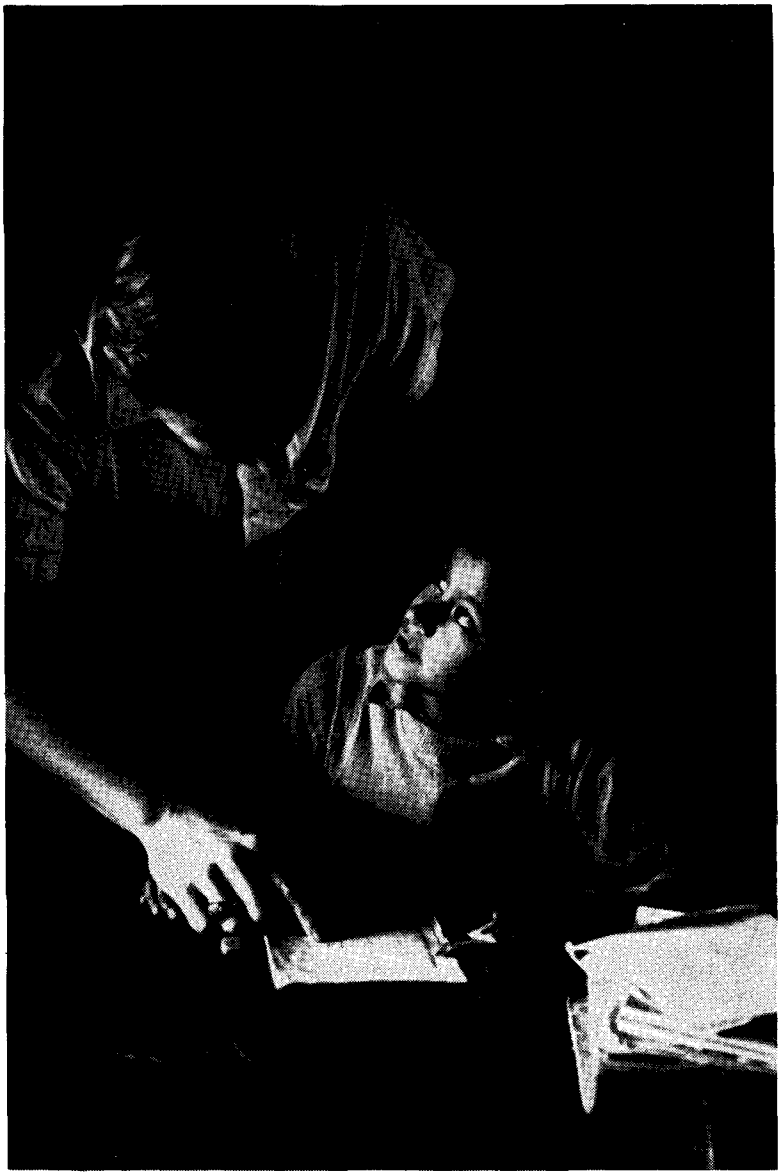

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of maturity they must suffer by clinging to each other. This two-person universe they have built for themselves and want to believe permanent is as much an illusion as the by-gone beauty Miss Smith wills Jean's fingertips to "see."

Is it because Mr. Austin has worked so hard at creating mood—and there are moments when the work shows—that the reader closes the book momentarily haunted but neither deeply stirred nor satisfied? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Jean, Sygen, and Miss Smith are committed to unreality and so can offer no reality with which the reader can identify or empathize. They and their world of wind and waves swiftly drift far to the back of the mind, like some exotic port once briefly visited, a place that was but which has no hold on the here and now of life.

—Haskel Frankel.

The Nature of Corruption: Would you like to write a novel with "significance"? One with built-in philosophical and moral weight? One in which every concept is automatically laden with contemporary meaning, even if you have no more ability for such conceits than the corner druggist has for doing original work in pure research? It's simple. Just write a book about the Third Reich.

That's what Richard Condon, the man who wrote that jape in bad taste called *The Manchurian Candidate,* has done. His new book is called *An Infinity of Mirrors* (Random House, $5.95). It is as pretentious a piece of work as its title suggests.

Condon is a writer who quit being a press agent a number of years ago to write novels that have gathered an enthusiastic following. This following seems to be composed largely of people who would like the distinction of reading books that appear to be acerbic, witty comments on the modern world without having to bear with the intellectual challenge that genuine satire offers. (Condon's "satires" are to the real thing what a wisecrack is to a Wildean epigram.)

In line with the seriousness of his subject—the nature of corruption as exemplified by the Third Reich—Condon has replaced his pseudo-ironic tone with a pseudo-philosophical one. The result is an atmosphere as soporific as the tale he unfolds. A stunningly beautiful, fabulously wealthy Jewish Frenchwoman, Paule Bernheim, all *papier-mâché* and a yard wide, marries a Prussian officer named Von Rhode, of equal unbelievability. Their subsequent disasters, painfully predictable to the reader but always a monstrous surprise to them, are interspersed with chunks of carefully culled research. (Culled, apparently, by squads of researchers all over Europe, who funnel the material to Condon in Geneva, where he inserts the characters and plot.)

As a writer, Condon has done the near-impossible. He makes the death of the Von Rhodes' beloved child during a purge of occupied France's Jews seem unreal and unimportant. This is no small achievement.

It has been said that nations have the governments they deserve. The same may be said of a nation's novelists. Condon's brand of hip writing has earned him, according to the bookjacket, a Condon Cult. The hipness that has passed for satirical thrust in the past is here an embarrassing slickness, all the more disturbing because of the lofty themes he is attempting. Even the most fanatical member of the Cult will probably find this piece of instant Rise and Fall a bore. *Caveat emptor.*

—Daniel Stern.

Price of Survival: For someone who was graduated from college in 1960, Joyce Carol Oates has already done rather well. Not only has she won prizes for her short stories; her first collection, *By the North Gate,* caused critics to compare her to Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Katherine Anne Porter, Willa Cather, and even William Faulkner. Now, at the age of twenty-six, Miss Oates has written her first novel, *With Shuddering Fall* (Vanguard, $4.95), and it is a good one.

Taking as her text Nietzsche's doctrine that "what is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil," she tells the story of a destructive love affair between a stunted, driven man and a spoiled, innocent young girl. Shar is an auto racer, and not an ordinary one. "He felt something—a queer little force—drawing at him, luring him into the center, to death, but he did not understand what it was. Death for auto racers came not through surrender to the center, but through surrender to the outside—to centrifugal force, a sudden careening off the track." Karen is as full of life as Shar of death. In the end, it is she who will survive, but at the cost of knowing that "It is insane to look for meaning in life, and it is insane not to. . . ."

Miss Oates is often both esoteric and violent, adjectives seldom ascribed to women writers, and her imagination seems to have no limits. She has not written an extraordinary novel, but she will.

—Dorrie Pagones.

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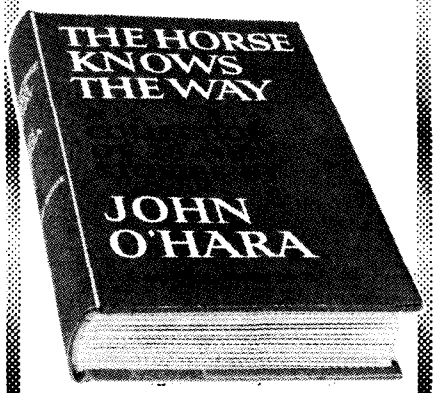

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Right Man, Wrong Cause

Jefferson Davis, Tragic Hero: 1864-1889, The Last Twenty-five Years, *by Hudson Strode (Harcourt, Brace & World. 530 pp. + xx, Bibliography, Index. $7.50), pictures the Confederate President as the quintessence of human perfection. William B. Catton collaborated with his father, Bruce Catton, on "Two Roads to Sumter."*

By WILLIAM B. CATTON

WITH this account of the last quarter century of Jefferson Davis's turbulent career, Hudson Strode concludes his monumental three-volume biography of the Confederate President. Like its predecessors, this final volume is a sensitive, eloquent portrayal of a man whose own sensitivity and eloquence were conspicuous among many outstanding traits. Davis was a remarkable and gifted leader, tempered so constantly in the fires of defeat, doomed hopes, personal heartbreak, controversy, hardship, and obloquy that stoic fortitude and courage were firmly welded to his character. Yet, as Mr. Strode demonstrates, neither adversity nor the iron qualities it fostered could dislodge softer virtues, equally a part of him: charm, warmth, patience, good nature, unfailing courtesy.

The author accompanies Davis through an array of Job-like tribulations: Grant and Sherman inexorably closing the vise in 1864; doom gathering palpably about Richmond in early 1865; evacuation in April, then Lee's surrender, finally Johnston's; the humiliations and hardships of flight, capture, and imprisonment; the tragic deaths of three sons between 1864 and 1878 (the fourth had died in 1854); Davis's vain, thwarted attempts to promote Southern economic development during Reconstruction; the periodic impediments and hostility from an unforgetful North. Ultimately Davis attained a measure of peace and contentment on the Gulf Coast in his last years, when he was at work on his memoirs. A gifted narrator, Mr. Strode usually succeeds in evoking sympathy and admiration for his protagonist, and few will disagree with the conclusion that Davis's life "would ever offer to future generations of Americans a stellar example of the very finest national qualities."

These qualities had always been in evidence, yet he has survived in history chiefly as the cold, contentious martinet who somehow bore responsibility for both Union travail and Confederate defeat. Convinced that this is gross injustice, Mr. Strode labors mightily to correct it, clearly intending to prove that Davis belongs high among the ranks of America's greatest men.

The author's success is questionable. This is fascinating biography but inferior history—badly flawed because it ignores all complexity, contradiction, subtlety, inconsistency, ambiguity, or uncertainty in human affairs or historical interpretation where such elements would detract from the heroic human portrait. For all its merit and wealth of detail the result is a two-dimensional study, needlessly partisan and limited in value.

One example, since it is pervasive, will suffice. Throughout these volumes runs the theme, sounded often enough by direct statement and more frequently by implication and innuendo, that greed, brutality, and evil fanaticism were the ruling features—indeed, almost the only discernible features—of the Republican Party, the Union war effort, and Radical Reconstruction. Davis himself was entitled to such a notion. Modern historians, aided by the perspective and scholarship of an intervening century, are under obligation to know better. Of Mr. Strode's treatment of Reconstruction it is fair to say that he has, as a Southerner, parading all the traditional Southern stereotypes, learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

This historical defect carries an inevitable penalty. In a biography that aims at using truth to restore the reputation of a much-misunderstood man, the incessant pro-Southern asides are both gratuitous and damaging. Their obtrusiveness will alienate those who disagree about the meaning of the Civil War, and in any objective evaluation of Jefferson Davis—as statesman, leader, or human being—they are largely irrelevant.

Most of us, even after reading these ambitious volumes, will deny that absolute perfection is a human attribute. Since the author intrudes the notion, many will add that not even the most valorously defended human cause partakes of this quality, either—least of all one which is irrevocably identified with the institution of human slavery.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Current Affairs

THE FLYING TRAPEZE: Three Crises for Physicists. By J. Robert Oppenheimer. Oxford Univ. Press. $2.75.

MODERN CHINA. Edited by Albert Feuerwerker. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE *New* MEANING OF TREASON. By Rebecca West. Viking. $7.50.

WHO KILLED KENNEDY? By Thomas Buchanan. Putnam. $4.95.

Fiction

MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE. By Anne Colver. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

NINTH ANNUAL YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Judith Merrill. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

History

ONE SMALL CANDLE: The Pilgrims' First Year in America. By Thomas J. Fleming. Norton. $4.

TRADITIONAL INDIA. Edited by O. L. Chavarria-Aguilar. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Letters

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EMERSON AND CARLYLE. Edited by Joseph Slater. Columbia Univ. Press. $10.

Literary History, Criticism

EXPERIENCE INTO WORDS. By D. W. Harding. Horizon. $5.

FIVE METAPHYSICAL POETS. By Joan Bennett. Cambridge Univ. Press. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.45.

SCOFIELD THAYER AND *The Dial*: An Illustrated History. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $15.

SHAKESPEARE'S PROFESSIONAL SKILLS. By Nevill Coghill. Cambridge Univ. Press. $7.50.

A SHAVIAN GUIDE TO THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN. By Barbara Bellow Watson. Norton. $6.

Miscellany

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE: The Great Reporters and Their Times. By John Hohenberg. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.95.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC 1965. Edited by Dan Golenpaul. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.50.

THE KENNEDY YEARS. By the Editors of The Viking Press and The New York Times. Viking. $16.50.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF BIRDS. By Bruce Campbell. Illustrated by Donald Watson. Oxford Univ. Press. $8.

Music

THE ELEMENTS OF CONDUCTING. By William Cox-Ife. John Day. $3.95.

LONDON HAS A GARDEN. By Clemence Dane. Norton. $5.95.

MUSICAL THOUGHT IN ANCIENT GREECE. By Edward A. Lippman. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

Personal History

THE BARRYMORES. By Hollis Alpert. Dial. $6.95 to Dec. 25; $7.95 thereafter.

BEHOLD THIS DREAMER: An Autobiography. By Fulton Oursler. Little, Brown. $5.95.

THE FOUNDING FATHER: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy. By Richard J. Whalen. NAL-World. $6.95.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE. By Frances Mossiker. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHARLES II. By Hester Chapman. Little, Brown. $5.75.

Poetry

THE MAHA-BHARATA: An English Version Based on Selected Verses. By Chakravarthi V. Narasimhan. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

NEW POEMS (*Neue Gedichte*). By Rainer Maria Rilke. Bilingual edition. Translations by J. B. Leishman. New Directions. $6.75.

POETS OF TODAY: A New American Anthology. Edited by Walter Lowenfels. International Publishers. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95.

Politics, Law

CONSERVATISM IN A PROGRESSIVE ERA: Massachusetts Politics, 1900-1912. By Richard M. Abrams. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN THE UNITED STATES: The Common Law Under Stress. By Erwin N. Griswold. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.95.

THE *Politics* OF JOHANNES ALTHUSIUS. Translated and abridged by Frederick S. Carney. Beacon. $8.50.

THE THEORY OF COMMUNISM. By George H. Hampsch. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

Psychology

LEONARDO DA VINCI AND A MEMORY OF HIS CHILDHOOD. By Sigmund Freud. Translated by Alan Tyson. Norton. $3.50.

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EXISTENTIALISM—FOR AND AGAINST. By Paul Roubiczek. Cambridge Univ. Press. Hardbound, $4.75. Paperback, $1.95.

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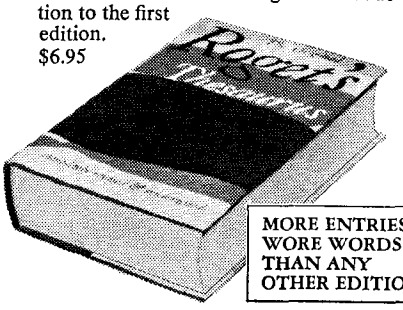

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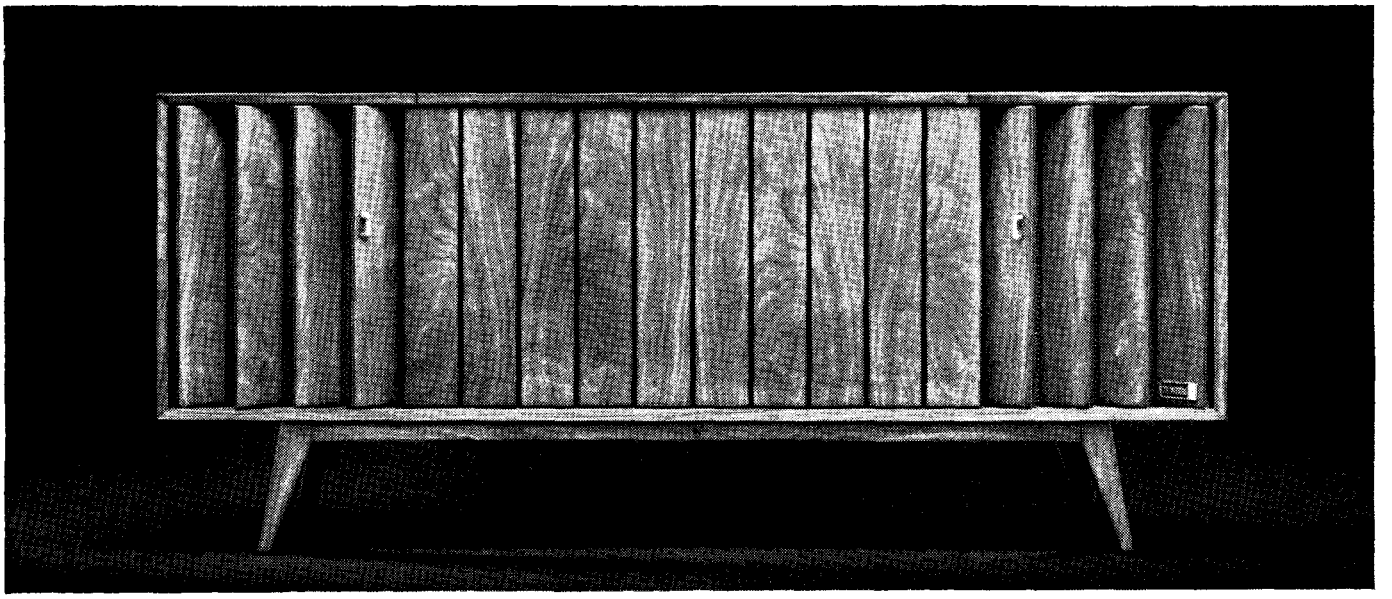

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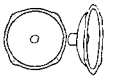
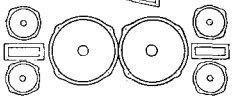
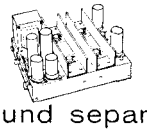
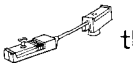
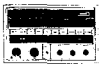
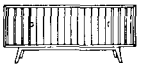
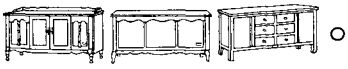
Zenith takes two giant Woofers  adds the brilliance of Zenith Exponential Horns and a precision quartet of Zenith Mid-Range Speakers Eight Speakers in all  Now, whether you like your music HIGH AND MIGHTY or SWEET AND LOW, Zenith's 240 watt (120 watts E.I.A.) Solid State Amplifier  gives you the finest sound reproduction in home console stereo. For the finest sound separation, Zenith adds the Stereo Professional Record Changer with the famous Zenith Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm  that makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your fine stereo records. Next Zenith builds in a quality radio tuner  that lets you enjoy brilliant AM, crystal-clear FM, and exciting Stereo FM Radio. And then Zenith wraps it all up in a fine-furniture stereo cabinet  to bring you the world's finest home stereo instrument. See and hear all the new 1965 Zenith quality stereos...in a wide variety of fine-furniture consoles  one priced just right for you...now at your Zenith dealer's. Pictured at the top, Zenith Romberg, Model MM2670W.

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—*Denise Restout.*

Landowska—"finally accomplished a task which was much in [her] mind."

SR/ RECORDINGS

THE WORLD OF WANDA LANDOWSKA
By Irving Kolodin **43**
CLARE FISCHER: THE PAN-AMERICAN WAY
By Robert Farris Thompson **46**
THE USES OF DIVERSITY
By Ivan Berger **47**
RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Recordings Editor **48**
RECORDINGS REPORTS I & II **50, 52**
ELLA AND OTHERS
By Martin Williams **51**
THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **54**
MOZART PSYCHOANALYZED
By Martin Bernheimer **56**
TEN FROM CLEVELAND
By Oliver Daniel **58**
RECORDINGS REPORT: FOLK MUSIC
By Robert Sherman **60**
BARBIROLLI'S VINTAGE FIFTHS
By Richard Freed **62**
LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR **66**

The World of Wanda Landowska

By IRVING KOLODIN

FOR THE RISING generation to whom the harpsichord is as familiar a form of musical enjoyment as the guitar, it must seem a source of amusement that there was a time—and not very distant—when they languished side by side in the limbo of forgotten things. Andres Segovia is still among us to enjoy the honor as well as the acclaim that goes with being the living example of a pioneer. But the years are beginning to accumulate since the death of Wanda Landowska in August, 1959, and there must be many to whom the lore of the harpsichord is an unbroken chain of events from the seventeenth to the twentieth century, rather than a long-interrupted sequence that was repaired, regenerated, and re-established almost by the will of a single individual.

Landowska's life, of which the last dozen years were spent in Lakeville, Connecticut, was so full of so many things—study, teaching, performing, recording—that she did not have time, in her eighty activity-crowded years, to do all the things she had marked out for herself. But she had the boon of a devoted and able disciple, Denise Restout, who has, with the assistance of Robert Hawkins, finally accomplished a task that was much in Landowska's mind in her last years. This was the collation and translation of her lifelong writings. Gathered under the title of *Landowska on Music*, they are happily available for gift-giving at a pre-Christmas price of $9.95. Thereafter, according to publishers Stein and Day, the price will be $12.50. There is also a *luxe*, boxed edition at $25.

Included, as a base, is the text of her book, *Musique Ancienne*, whose French original was published in 1909 and whose English translation (from the house of Knopf) has long been unavailable. The original text has been revised and condensed and a new text formed by the addition, in their relevant places, of later articles bearing on subjects treated in *Musique Ancienne*. The new translation forms the first part of *Landowska on Music*. Part II is made up of a lengthy section "On the Interpretation of Johann Sebastian Bach's Keyboard Works" and shorter works on Handel, Scarlatti, "French Music of the Past," the "Galant Style," etc., derived from

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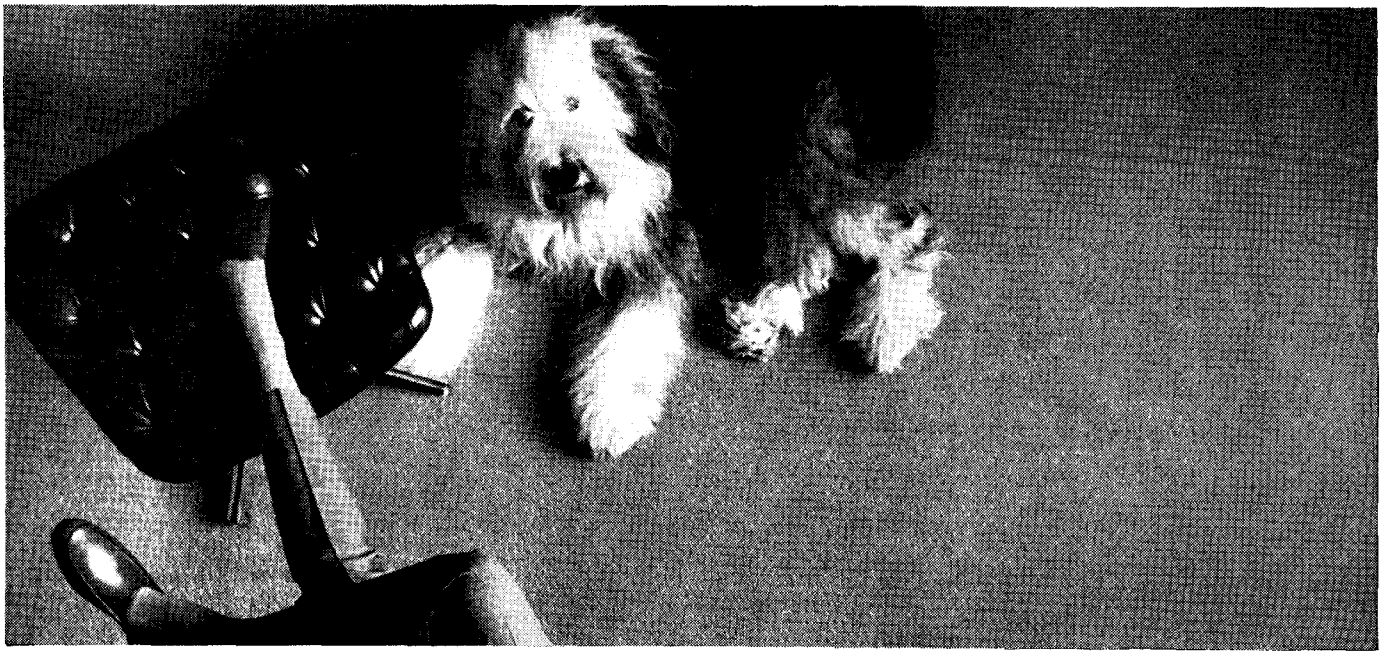

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published articles, annotations for recordings, even an excerpt or two originally published in *SR*. Finally, in Part III, there is a collation of previously unpublished *pensées*, reflections, etc., ranging from "The Mysteries of Interpretation" to Gershwin and jazz (she admired the former, but not the latter).

It is among these succinct commentaries that one can find a clue to the marvel that was Landowska as well as a key to the door of the world in which she lived. Responding by letter to a student who had come to visit her after an interval of ten years, and as Mme. Restout's note explains, "was stunned to discover the evolution of Landowska's interpretative freedom," she wrote: "The most beautiful thing in the world is, precisely, the conjunction of learning and inspiration. Oh, the passion for research and the joy of discovery!"

It was the passion for research that led Landowska, in the early years of the century, away from the piano that she had studied in her native Poland. She had come to Paris, physically if not legally married at twenty-one, to study the music in which she was interested, at the Schola Cantorum. Her attraction to the "music of the harpsichordists" may be dated by a letter of 1903 in which Charles Bordes, a celebrated enthusiast for the music but not the instrument (he referred to it as "a cage for flies") urged her to pursue her interest in the music, but as a pianist. By 1905, Albert Schweitzer wrote in his biography of Bach, "anyone who has heard Wanda Landowska play the *Italian Concerto* on her wonderful Pleyel harpsichord finds it hard to understand how it could ever again be played on a modern piano. . . ."

However satisfactory the instrument seemed at the time, even for such a listener as Schweitzer, it was still too much the "cage for flies" to satisfy Landowska. She induced the responsible persons in the instrument firm of Pleyel to collaborate with her in the design of an instrument that would go beyond their "modern reconstructions" and embody qualities from the best instruments of the past. Oddly, while she was busy visiting museums and arriving at final specifications, Arnold Dolmetsch, the English musician, was working toward a similar end. However, he spent this period with the firm of Chickering and Company in Boston, and their paths never crossed. "One of her specific demands," writes Mme. Restout "was the adjunction of a deep register, called sixteen-foot, sounding one octave below normal pitch, as a counterpart to the four-foot register, which is tuned an octave above normal pitch. A two-keyboard instrument, it had also two eight-foot registers, a coupler and a lute stop." It was not until 1912 that the first large instrument built for her by Pleyel was ready.

Then it was the joy of discovery that transformed the product of scholarly research into an instrument of human emotions, impulses, and feelings. Unlike many musicologists who pursue their researches in a spirit of pure learning—which may also mean with a coldly scientific interest in questions rather than answers—Landowska was led on by the zeal not merely to arrive at findings, but also to communicate them to her fellow humans. At first it was more a reading audience, through *Musique Ancienne*, than a listening audience; but the balance tilted ever more strongly to impressions gathered through the ear rather than the eye. Whole programs of harpsichord performance were, for long, impracticable; a number or two on a program dominated by the piano, or possibly an orchestral appearance divided between a harpsichord and a piano concerto marked the campaign for its acceptance. In time Landowska's practice became the preachment by which almost half a century's specialists—Ruggero Gerlin, Isabelle Nef, Ralph Kirkpatrick, Putnam Aldrich, Sylvia Marlowe, Fernando Valenti, and Rafael Puyana among them—were recruited to her faith. Some of them, needless to say, have since created shrines at which others worship, but there is no doubt who the Mother (Superior) of Them All was.

It was out of her passionate joy in research and discovery that Landowska attained the spiritual security to say sweetly of another, who disputed her interpretation of Bach: "She plays Bach her way, and I play Bach his way." In this text are examples in abundance to explain her conviction, beginning with her establishment of the premise that Bach knew the French masters thoroughly and such knowledge had to be taken into account in the performance of his works. This was against the view of the Well-Tempered Clavier that prevailed when she was growing up and held by so reputable a musician as Paul Dukas. Roland Gelatt, in his intimate

(*Continued on page* 63)

—*Stein and Day.*

Reception at the Pleyel Salon in 1907.—Seated l. to r.: Mrs. Harold Bauer, Mme. Koussevitzky, Chaliapin, Felia Litvinne, Saint-Saëns, Blumenfeld, Rimsky-Korsakov, unidentified, Mme. M. Casadesus. Standing l. to r.: F. Casadesus, unidentified, Paul Vidal, Harold Bauer, Enesco, Alchewsky, Casella, Koussevitzky, H. Casadesus, Rachmaninov, Gustave Lyon (Director of Pleyel), Gabrilowitch, M. Casadesus, Safonov, Wanda Landowska, unidentified, unidentified, Mme. Lénars-Tournier.

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CLARE FISCHER: The Pan-American Way

MAMBO ALLEGRO MOLTO was the name given by Rolf Liebermann to the movement that terminated his failed hybrid of the middle Fifties, *Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra* (Victor LM-1888). It was not, of course, mambo. It was a manipulation. Liebermann exploited certain brassy elements of Mexico City mambo without coming to grips with their multi-metric context, their characteristic pauses, or the special nuances of their informal esthetic. He culled bits and pieces and pasted them together to create scissors-and-paste folk-concert music, local color in the most touristic sense of the phrase.

Liebermann's *Concerto* nevertheless marked one of the first serious attempts to fuse the special elegances of the concert hall with the special energies of the Spanish-speaking dance hall. Liebermann augured the coming of a musican, academically trained, who would lead the way toward a more substantial alliance.

Clare Fischer, a bespectacled young pianist-composer of vigorously intelligent mien, gives promise of filling this specified need. For one thing, his academic credentials are superior: he is still remembered fondly, even nostalgically, at Michigan State University Department of Music, where he studied under Professor H. Owen Reed. Reed was quite evidently a decisive influence in his career, for he opened the eyes of his pupil to the infinite compositional possibilities of Latin-American folk music. Professor Reed, who is Chairman of Theory and Composition at Michigan State, lived in Mexico for five months in 1949 on a Guggenheim fellowship and at that time wrote a Mexican folk symphony for concert band, *La Fiesta Mexicana* (Mercury MG 40011), which is as palatable as it is respectful of its folk inspirations. Reed's gift is clear and rare: he awakens within an academic context an incomparable popular substance. (Reed has recently been commissioned to score this folksong symphony for a fiftieth-anniversary concert of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra in April 1965.)

In order to find a pure expression, freed of academic interferences, Reed probed the rhythmic essences of Mexican folk music. The last movement of his *Fiesta*, in his own words, "combines a 3/4 measure with a 6/8 measure with a bass part which is basically a 6/8 measure moved to the right 1/8 note with an extremely syncopated melodic line." One does not have to read music to recognize within this description African implications. Metric trickery informs the *son* music of the Plaza Garibaldi in Mexico City, a wondrously musical square haunted by *los que tienen tono y los que no lo tienen*— those "in tune and out of tune," and of the mariachis of points west, notably Guadalajara. Perhaps the phenomenon is explained in part by the influx of African slaves through the port of Veracruz; these Negroes were later largely absorbed in the Mexican melting pot but not apparently without leaving an indelible multi-metric tinge to the *huapango*, the *son*, and other folk delicacies.

Clare Fischer—"opened the door on a new phase of tri-hybrid blending."

All that was needed, in terms of the enrichment of the music of the Latin barrios of the United States, was a man with the vision to see the way pointed by Reed. This was toward a witty polarization of music with African implications and intense Mexican flavor, with music almost explicitly Negroidal in rhythmic phrasing and dominance of percussion yet lightened with touches of modern jazz (New York Puerto Rican mambo).

Taking nothing for granted, Fischer has combined the lessons of his mentor with the blessings of a dual apprenticeship. For while he ironed out his own academic patterns of musical speech, he simultaneously worked in the Los Angeles area. Night after night he collaborated with Mexican-American musicians in lively eyries where measures were invented with careful folk craftsmanship for virtuosi dancers whose every gesture was at once esthetic criticism and encouragement.

It was a sensible intellectual investment; and we are only now beginning to estimate its dividends. There are passages in a recent album (in which Fischer collaborates with vibraphonist Cal Tjader) that mark some of the deepest, most profound marshaling of jazz, African, and Latin-American elements yet heard. (Verve V6-8531). "El Muchacho," for example, is the first step forward since the failure of Liebermann to cross-fertilize mambo and concert music validly.

Professor Reed wrote "El Muchacho" and enlivened its structure with rhythmic complications inspired by the Mexican *son;* the melody and harmony of this charmingly naïve and simple piano piece are deliberately rudimentary while the rhythm of the right hand redresses the balance, as it were, by its inventive independence from the rhythm of the left (except at the cadences). At the time that Reed wrote "El Muchacho" he was not aware that he had written a composition that was a natural for further, deeper blending with the mambo. But Clare Fischer was aware of this fact, and on this album triumphantly demonstrates that mambo is a still unfinished solution to a still stimulating problem by means of punning on the ostinato patterns of the Mexican *son* with the ostinato patterns of Afro-Cuban. For those sensitive enough to comprehend his special flair, he has opened the door on a new phase of tri-hybrid blending. And none too soon. For the Castro revolution has cut the traditional ties between Cuba's Tin Pan Alley and our own popular music, and the next Latin dance may well have to be internally generated.

I do not wish to imply that Clare Fischer, granted his debt to Reed, does not have his own voice. He does indeed. Witness his bright splashes of warm pianistic color that adorn mambo "Azul," surely one of the sunniest pieces of Latin dance music ever to be recorded in California. In addition, his work with Cal Tjader on mambo "Alonzo" is a demonstration piece of the virtues of a sober revolution. Alonzo opens with a suitably propulsive riff but so celestial are the high-pitched inventions that flow easily and comfortably in the course of this composition that the introduction is retroactively shown almost to be in bad

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taste. Never has a sharpened academic skill more convincingly enriched a piece of dance-hall music. So expressive is Fischer's personality that one can even detect his hand in normally anonymous ostinato patterns. Surely "Alonzo" will inspire Afro-Cuban musicians in the United States to rebel, at least occasionally, against the strictly chiseled conventions of their octave style of accompaniment.

There is, it seems to me, one possible misdirection in the interesting turns of Fischer's recent career. I refer to his use of the Hammond organ as mambo and bossa nova infrastructure. Negative associations crowd whatever sensible statements a musician might try to make on organ within a "Latin" context (for example, Pérez Prado's ghastly organ mambos one of which, appropriately, washed up as mood music in *La Dolce Vita*, music to decay morally by). It is a testament of the skills of Clare Fischer that he sometimes manages to make of the organ, despite the jarring associative values of the instrument, a friend of Spanish-African dance music. One cannot fault such a determinedly amiable experiment. Nevertheless, when one listens to Fischer's Latinizing organ in "Sally's Tomato" (V6-8531), strange mental images arm themselves. Whilst Cal Tjader pleasantly rethinks, on vibes, measures that were originally intended for a motion picture, Fischer furnishes a warm ostinato. Suddenly the mind conjures an impish monk, secreted into a forgotten chapel of an impossible Andean monastery, surprising a sacred instrument with the secular flamboyance of the mambo riff. My facetiousness ought to suggest this: Fischer's attempt to play mambo or bossa nova on organ is bold, but the connotations of the instrument are strong. The musical implications of the organ are in many ways harmonic and vertical while the Afro-Cuban context is forever percussive and horizontal.

—Robert Farris Thompson.

The Uses of Diversity

THE DIFFERENCE between a principle and a gimmick is that a principle may be applied in many areas. Such a principle is "diversity," an electronic analogue of the principle that two heads are better than one.

Diversity reception is an old short-wave trick. Ionospheric shifts that make a signal fade out at one antenna often fade it in at another, nearby location. Commercial communications operators often use two or three receivers, with differently oriented antennas, feeding a single speaker; hams, with lower budgets, have been known to couple several antennas to their receiver, via a switch.

Connecting the output of two receivers in parallel results in a noise level three decibels less than that of either, if noise levels are identical, or six decibels below that of the noisier tuner, if levels differ. However, a noise level six decibels better than that of the noisier tuner may still be several decibels worse than that of the quieter; some sort of switching system is preferable.

The common "ham" approach—manual antenna switching—is too slow and unsure for commercial work. Through the years, several approaches to automatic switching have made their appearance.

One such approach is "Combiner Diversity," in which each tuner feeds an amplifier whose gain varies inversely with the noise level. As the noise increases in either signal, that signal automatically fades out. Combiner Diversity presents the best possible signal-to-noise ratio, but it creates catastrophic low-frequency transients. Thus, while acceptable in communications work (where bass response is cut off at about 300 cycles), it is unsuitable for use with wide-range music systems.

Tuners incorporating "squelch" circuits can be linked by a "switched diversity" system that shuts off a tuner's output when the signal strength falls below a predetermined value. But this system, too, introduces bass transients.

Yet fading and "flutter" are problems in FM reception, too, and H. H. Scott several years ago introduced in its 310-D tuner a transient-free diversity switching system. Few are the homes which Scott expects to equip for diversity, since two tuners are required, and two antennas at least thirty-five feet apart. But for the broadcast relay operator, fading and noise are not merely painful but paralyzing, and it is for him that this feature is intended. The perfectionist may still desire such a system; if so, Scott will happily oblige him.

The diversity principle is not restricted to radio reception. In 3M's new Professional Mastering System—a studio master tape recorder—diversity recording makes its first commercial appearance.

The 3M system uses diversity to increase dynamic range and alleviate a dilemma facing all recordists: how to select a recording level that will be consistently louder than the system's residual noise, while never so high as to drive the tape into distortion. "Dynamic Range" is a measure of the ratio between the loudest and softest sounds that may be comfortably heard between the low (noise) limit and the upper limit caused by distortion. The peak dynamic range of a symphony orchestra, for example, is on the order of seventy decibels or more, while most studio master recorders have been restricted to only fifty-five decibels or so. Thus, an orchestral performance must undergo "compression" of the dynamic range, a distortion of the esthetic intentions of composer and conductor. And this fifty-five decibel range is reduced still further by the inevitable noise build-up during the multiple generations of copying and recopying that a master tape goes through before reaching the public ear.

Here is where diversity recording comes to the rescue. Signals fed into each channel of 3M's new machine are recorded on two tracks simultaneously. One track (the lower track in the accompanying illustration) is recorded at normal level and with normal NAB equalization. The second is recorded through a weighting network with a rising response such that recording level is fifteen decibels higher on this track for the frequencies at the peak of the weighted response curve. The higher frequencies are emphasized because of their greater sensitivity to noise and tape overload distortion.

The level differences between the tracks are constant at any recording level. Hence, a signal level high enough to drive the weighted track into distortion will be recorded cleanly on the normal one, while signals that must fight with the noise of the normal track will be fifteen decibels above the noise of the weighted one.

In playback, each track's reproduce amplifier feeds an electronic switch, the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Recordings in Review

Out of the Northwest

DOHNANYI: *Suite in F sharp minor.* HINDEMITH: *Symphonic Metamorphoses on themes of Weber. Milton Katims conducting the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Seattle Symphony, 508 Orpheum Bldg., Seattle, Wash.*

As a sample of local enterprise, this is a singular kind of calling card. It testifies not only to the excellent work that conductor Katims has done in his ten years in Seattle, but also to the success of the rebuilding—for the World's Fair of 1962—of the old Civic Auditorium into an admirable acoustical surrounding for this recording, aptly preserved by Glenn D. White. (To judge from the latter's technical specifications for his work, he can handle any problem Seattle may provide for him.)

However, it is the orchestra that is the essence of this enterprise, and a good, pure, clear essence it is, too. Having been trained in the school of Toscanini (he was a prominent member of NBC's viola section for more than a decade), Katims has a sure sense of where virtue in orchestral playing reposes – intonation, balance, tonal purity, ensemble—and he has worked not only hard but productively to make his Seattle players a living example of such virtues.

Doubtless these two performances represent the highest standard of which the Seattle Orchestra is capable – it would be foolish to make a test case of anything else—but whether or not it can play as well in a broad range of the literature, the orchestra has an admirable sense of the first thing for which one listens: round, sonorous tone, without distortion or overproduction. As an interpreter, Katims commends himself no less for the sentiment and warmth of his Dohnányi than for the brisk precision of the Hindemith. Considering the uncertain standard that prevailed in Seattle prior to his arrival, Katims must be accounted a first-class orchestral pedagogue as well as a sensitive, demanding intermediary for the composer.

Big B and Two Rs

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas, Op. 5, 69 and 102. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; and Sviatoslav Richter, piano.* Philips PHM 2-520, $9.96; stereo PHS 2-920, $11.95.

For a project that has been spread over three years and at least two recording sites (London and Vienna), this one is a triumph of perseverance over adversity. It is, moreover, a triumph of spontaneity over all the calculation that must go into such a project, whether inordinately prolonged or not. Certainly it takes equal rank with such comparable undertakings of the past as the Fournier-Schnabel series, the Casals-Serkin, the Starker-Bogin enterprise, or the too little known effort of Janigro and Zecchi in the Fifties.

As in the best of these, there is no inflexible adherence to a center of tonal gravity. When, as in the great A—major the emphasis is on a broadly planned piano part, Richter properly takes the lead. Otherwise, Rostropovich may be dominant (as in the Opus 102, No. 1) when the cello merits it. In either case, the consideration that prevails is justice to Beethoven, rather than—as in at least one famous instance—to the reputation of the instrumentalist.

For those who heard Rostropovich as a recitalist, or as part of an ensemble, before he was exported to perform in this country with symphony orchestras (at the beginning of the "cultural exchange" program), these performances affirm that it is in such music as this that his best abilities assert themselves. His beautifully modulated tone and closely differentiated dynamics are rarely subject to the thickening or coarsening that besets this instrument in the hands of even the average fine performer. Hence the line has an almost vocal flexibility, broadening to an exultant outcry or slimming to a whisper as circumstances decree. In the finale of the A—major, for example, he never loses contact with Richter's dazzling execution of the passage work (close kin to that of the E—Flat *Les Adieux* sonata), nor is there anything but tone in the sound from his instrument.

Milton Katims—"a sure sense of where virtue . . . reposes."

The recorded sound varies somewhat (best in the A major, a London product) but it is never less than good. In order to restrict the issue to a pair of LPs, the first of the Opus 102 sonatas begins on the same side as the first of Opus 5, but the saving warrants the means employed. On the other hand, the amount of space allotted to annotation—less than one normal "liner" for the *five* sonatas—ill becomes a release of this magnitude.

Lower-Case Bs

BUSONI: *Indian Fantasy, Op. 44.* BORTKIEVICH: *Concerto in B flat. Marjorie Mitchell, piano; with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by William Strickland.* Decca DL 10100, $4.98; stereo DL 710100, $5.98.

While legions of her contemporaries are bemoaning the limitations of the pianist's concert repertory, Marjorie Mitchell has done something affirmative about it. To be sure, it is difficult to persuade a symphony orchestra audience that there is a piano concerto by Dvorák, or Menotti, or Rimsky-Korsakov, or Scriabin that is worth knowing, but the record buyer need not be deterred by such snobbery.

In this pairing, for example, he has the opportunity to add something to the scant information about the vaunted but ordinarily inaccessible abilities of Ferruccio Busoni. The "Indian" themes of this fantasy are not of the subcontinental variety—as one might suppose—but are derived from our own aborogines. In his annotation Edward Cole mentions Busoni's period as a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory (1891-94) but not the American tours of 1910-11 that might well have given rise to the composition of this work in 1913. It suffers somewhat from Busoni's compulsion to overelaboration, but it has much interest nevertheless.

The surprise of the disc is the quality of the first two movements of the work by Serge Bortkievich, a Russian composer born in 1877, whose name is barren of connotation for even the erudite. Heard unaware, these efforts of 1912 might very well suggest something from the pre-publication phase of Rachmaninoff's career. That is to say, they are clearly post-Tchaikovsky, but with an infusion of that sighing, slightly Oriental melodic quality that characterizes Rachmaninoff. (The finale, even more Eastern, is lower on the scale of all values.) How the best of it has managed to escape the quest of Hollywood searchers for emotion-laden theme music is an addi-

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Marjorie Mitchell—"right combination of enthusiasm and simplicity."

tional mystery, but the day will come when it will discover Bortkievich, even as it has Borodin. Miss Mitchell performs the work with just the right combination of enthusiasm and simplicity, and Strickland's direction gives him rank as both a Busoni and a Bortkievich specialist.

Unfair "Lady"

LOEWE: *"My Fair Lady." From the soundtrack of the Warner Brothers film, with Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, etc.* Columbia KOL 8000, $5.98; stereo KOS 2600, $6.98.

Partisans both of Audrey Hepburn and Frederick Loewe may rightfully wonder, on listening to this disc, how long that talented actress has been hiding her vocal talents. For the judgment would have to be that the singing heard here of "I Could Have Danced All Night," "Wouldn't It be Loverly?" etc., is very good singing. And so it is, but it is not by Miss Hepburn at all.

Not that one could find any acknowledgment of that fact any place on this album—label, liner, or wherever. But it is certainly no secret among musical people that the vocal "dubbing" was done by Marni Nixon. She is the highly regarded West Coast soprano who has made a specialty of such intricate music as the works of Webern and Schönberg, which she sings in recordings with Robert Craft. But she is also an admirable stage performer in her own right, as she demonstrated in last spring's revival of *My Fair Lady* at the New York City Center. Doubtless she was well enough paid for her sound-track performance to compensate for her lack of billing, but it is no comfort for those who like to think of a record as a record of something tangible to have all the credit imputed to Miss Hepburn with no suggestion at all that a dubbing was done, let alone who did it. (To judge from the context, she does her own bit in "The Rain in Spain.")

As for the rest, it is all in the golden tradition of the prior Harrison recordings of Professor Higgins, taking in the original "original cast" version in New York and the "original stereo" version made in London in 1959 (both with Julie Andrews and Stanley Holloway). If anything, Harrison rises to finer heights of fury in his denunciation of women than ever before while confessing, even more helplessly, how much he has become accustomed to her face; Holloway is typically fine, and Jeremy Brett lets go resonantly with "On the Street Where You Live."

Oddly, for a recording made with all of Hollywood's sound-stage resources, this one does not come off too well on the home speakers. It has a kind of woolly sound, as though it were re-recorded from the mammoth speakers used in a theater, and the top of the range sounds contracted.

Two Views of Verdi

VERDI: *Requiem. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; and Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass.* Angel B 3649, $9.96; stereo SB 3649, $11.96. *Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra and Westminster Choir with Lucine Amara, soprano; Maureen Forrester, mezzo; Richard Tucker, tenor; and George London, bass.* Columbia M2L 307, $9.96; stereo M2S 707, $11.96.

The English have been making something of a stir about the performances by Giulini last winter, and the recording thereof—and well they might, for it is of high quality. But hardly so high as to be out of range for a matching effort by Ormandy and the ensemble with which he gave a memorable performance of his own last spring. Indeed, one can only conclude that some of the English excitement may be explained by the lack there of such monumental achievements in this work as Americans experienced in recent years from Toscanini.

Subject to the test of comparative hearings, several facts become clear almost at once: there is almost nothing to choose between the conceptions of the two conductors. Giulini works for more refinement of detail, as in the opening pages and the fugue near the end, than Ormandy; but there is a higher intensity of drama in Ormandy's treatment. Balancing one factor against another, the judgment would be that both are probing close to the heart of Verdi, each in his own way.

However, there is no such parity of results in the purely aural aspects of the performance, beginning with the solo quartet. Aside from Nicolai Ghiaurov, who pronounces the music of the bass part with a Pinza-like abundance, the Angel quartet is substantially less angelic than the Columbia. Nicolai Gedda is hardly a match for the tenor quality that Richard Tucker has to expend, nor Christa Ludwig for Maureen Forrester's orotund mezzo. Most surprising, however, is the edge of suitability, in this kind of music, that Lucine Amara enjoys vis-à-vis Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Questions of reputation aside—and the phonograph is the great leveler where such matters are concerned—Miss Amara is not only stronger and surer, but possessed of a throbbing vitality of sound (more than a vibrato and less than a quaver) that is beautifully suitable to such expressions as "Libera me, Domine." Also, there is the appropriate kind of contrast between her sound and Miss Forrester's, whereas Schwarzkopf is sometimes more mezzo in her middle register than Ludwig, and less soprano at the top.

Taking comparisons a step further, the superior sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra is further enhanced by a better acoustical frame for its effort than is provided for the Philharmonia. As in some prior experiments with recording the Philadelphia Orchestra in Manhattan Center (*Symphonie Fantastique, Ein Heldenleben*), it gives back a radiant kind of sound that reflects much more of the depth and fulness of the scoring (as, for example, in the authentic rumble of the oversized drum in the "Dies Irae") than can be heard in the Philharmonia reproduction. Bass enthusiasts will not want to pass up Ghiaurov; most others will find the sum of Verdi better served by Columbia than by Angel.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Pre-Christmas Recordings
News, Reviews, Coverage
December 5, 12, 19

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor. Van Cliburn, piano: with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor LM 2724, $4.98; stereo LSC 2724, $5.98.	Taken altogether, this is the most completely satisfactory recording that Cliburn has achieved since the early days of his celebrity, when his performances of Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff were powered by the emotional thrust of his sudden emergence to fame. Not only has that now been spent, but also the counter thrust of trying to sustain that drive when it was behind him. Here is a beautifully sustained, energetic but by no means assertive treatment of a work which can elude the grasp of even the most able performer. Cliburn's greatest success is in seizing the melodic thread of the work and sustaining it throughout. Best of all, he does not subscribe to the view that the only answer to the problem of this work is power and more power. Here the power is, with Leinsdorf's well considered cooperation, kept in reserve, available for use when required. Some of the best moments in the performance, indeed, are in the lighter, fluid interludes of the first movement. The wide ranging recording—in respect both to dynamics and to detail—puts the piano squarely in the center of the stereo perspective, with all the orchestral details in proportion to it.
Glinka: *Waltz Fantasy, Jota Aragonesa, Ruslan and Ludmilla* overture, Moussorgsky: *Night on a Bare Mountain;* Prelude and Dance of the Persian Slaves *(Khovanshchina)*. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CM 9405, $4.98; stereo CS 6405, $5.98.	Neither the composers nor Ansermet's feeling for them are in need of commendation at this point of their joint careers, but it is worth noting that he has tempted those inclined to resist this generally familiar dish with a touch of *sauce piquante:* the *Waltz Fantasy*. This is an eight minute essay in gliding and swaying, of which there have been some previous recordings from the U.S.S.R., but nothing on the Ansermet level of perception. Thus perceived, it is clear that Glinka was not merely the generic "Father of Russian music" as he has been credited with being, but especially of ballet music as practiced by Tchaikovsky. Indeed, the *Waltz Fantasy* could be inserted directly into *Eugene Onegin* without jarring with its surroundings. It makes, in any case, a delightful embellishment of a sequence that hardly needs extra appeal. The waltz is beautifully reproduced, the Moussorgsky with a degree of power that throws one reproducing unit at least (Shure SME) from the groove.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 82 and 83. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia ML 6009, $4.98; stereo MS 6609, $5.98.	Everything about these two performances is harmonious—leadership, playing, sound, reproduction of it. The works belong to the "Paris" sequence already recorded in full by Ansermet, but there is no individual pairing which offers the musical pleasure and the intellectual satisfaction of this one. For this, one can only extend thanks to conductor and players, and suggest that 1966 be dedicated in part to a Haydn cycle to mark the two hundredth anniversary of his appointment as Esterhazy's kapellmeister. (A good cause can do with even a poor excuse.)
Mozart: Concerto in E flat (K.365). Pierre Sancan and Jean-Bernard Pommier, pianists; with Dimitri Chorofas, conducting. Concerto in F, K. 242. The same, plus Catherine Silie, piano. Nonesuch H-1028, $2.50; stereo H 71028, $2.50.	None of the performers—including conductor Chorofas—rouses any expectations, quality or otherwise, which in this kind of music may be an asset. That is to say, there is no personality trait (associated with other performances) to intrude between the listener and the music, of which the principal requirements are consistently fulfilled. Some exception might be taken to the volume of sound produced by the duo and trio of soloists, but the orchestral ensemble itself is substantial in size and sound. To judge from the hand-over of sonority after chords, the resonance of the recording was artificially induced. This is no cause for prejudice, save (as in the present instance) when it is overdone.
Mozart: Symphonies in D major (No. 31) and C (No. 34). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 36216, $4.98; stereo S 36216, $5.98.	In the period of relative inactivity between his early and late celebrity, Klemperer made a recording of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* which was one of the best of that time. That prompted some hopes for this pair of Mozart symphonies which, for all their fine qualities, are in the "less-performed" category. The hopes are only partially fulfilled, for, with all the care that Klemperer applies to them, they are burdened with a tonal weight which may be in keeping with the spirit of his treatment, but not with theirs. All the notes are meticulously accounted for, and the tempi, per se, do not deviate from the acceptable. But the sparkle and rightness which are inherent in these works of Mozart's early twenties fail to survive the gravity induced by Klemperer.
Schubert: Symphony in C (No. 9). István Kertész conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9381, $4.98; stereo CS 6381, $5.98.	Relative to the magnitude of the challenge, this is Kertész's most impressive accomplishment to date. It is consistently musical in intent, with many fine details of refinement and taste, especially in the slow movement and scherzo. Also it is all but impossible to resist the impetus he develops in the finale, for in addition to speed, per se, it has a springiness of step, a lightness of stride which make the difference between haste and momentum. Taken altogether, this leaves the first movement as the least convincing in Kertész' treatment, due in large part to the peril that lies in wait for almost every conductor of this music: erratic tempi. He begins well, carries on at a faster pace for the main allegro, and then accelerates again for the coda. When these inequalities are smoothed out, Kertész' performance of this work should be something to hear, especially if it is with the Vienna Philharmonic. It plays superbly for him, and is powerfully reproduced, especially in the finale.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CM 9391, $4.98; stereo CS 6391, $5.98. Symphony No. 4; *Tapiola*. The same. London CM 9387, $4.98; stereo CS 6387, $5.98.	As Ansermet applies himself and the resources of his excellent orchestra with equal seriousness to each of the works enumerated above, the question occurs: Why does the Second Symphony yield much more that is interesting than the Fourth? It could just be that the reason is the simple one: it has much more to yield, in design, meaning and formal execution than the later works. This, of course, is at variance with the view of the twenties and thirties that the earlier works were naively "nationalistic" predecessors to the later, more "universal" works. But it is just possible that the passage of time has shown No. 4 to be not "enigmatic," as it was considered then (by some), but merely empty and uninteresting. Whatever the emphasis one chooses to impart to the results, there can be no doubt that Ansermet's orchestra performs admirably, or that the recording reaches down to give more of the bottom of the Fourth's scoring than any prior recording of it. None, incidentally, is stereo.
Stravinsky: *Jeux de Cartes, Scènes de Ballet.* Tchaikovsky (arr. Stravinsky): "Bluebird" pas de deux (*Sleeping Beauty*). Igor Stravinsky conducting. Columbia ML 6049, $4.98; stereo MS 6649, $5.98.	The contents of this installment in Columbia's "Complete Stravinsky" range from the lesser to the least of the endeavors to which he has put his name. In the latter category, certainly, is the arrangement for small orchestra (and piano) of the Tchaikovsky masterpiece, an act of impiety which he may, one day, have to explain to his illustrious predecessor. At best it is an illuminating performance of the Stravinsky arrangement, rather than of the original. The *Scènes de Ballet* executed upon order from Billy Rose for a revue of the Forties (for Dolin and Markova) is full of manner, but practically no substance. The manner is well suggested in the Stravinsky performance, with the CBS Symphony. However, *Jeux de Cartes,* for which the performing group is the Cleveland Orchestra, conveys the entertaining purpose rather better when guided by the hand of Charles Munch. —Irving Kolodin.

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Ella and Others

ELLA FITZGERALD, as you may know, is a singer's singer. Her control is sure, her notes are clear, her pitch is precise. Her range isn't wide but her voice has body, perhaps as much body as a popular singer is entitled to. Her rhythm is impeccable. And she swings, still in the manner of her beginning, *circa* 1936. But for all her professional control she can improvise, and her final chorus or so may give impressions of a gleeful abandon.

Ella Fitzgerald is also the public's singer. She packs them in at the record shops, auditoriums, and night clubs. But she is not, as you may not know, a reviewer's singer—at least not in some quarters.

Her new Verve release (V/V6-4060) is the latest in her series of "songbook" sets and is devoted to the work of that displaced American-Viennese, Jerome Kern. Her accompaniment was arranged by Nelson Riddle, who writes with a good understanding of Ella Fitzgerald, with miraculously relevant taste in scoring for strings, and with the same coy brass figures that he has been using for the past ten years. As her detractors protest, Miss Fitzgerald often does ignore the words to her songs. (So much the better for her, perhaps?) One thing she responds to, in her relatively uncluttered way, is harmony. It is a response that Kern's pieces can only encourage and that Riddle understands, as witness the cumulative, modulative climax he provides for her on "A Fine Romance." Also, without any egocentric connotations, Ella Fitzgerald responds to the quality of her own voice and to the paradox of its precision plus its slight natural hoarseness. Hear her first chorus to "All the Things You Are," or hear the way she undertakes the difficult steps on "Remind Me." She is also a good spontaneous, original melodist; again, listen to her second version of the "release," the middle part of "All the Things You Are." Or notice how agreeable she makes the cutie-pie aspect of Kern when she recomposes "She Didn't Say Yes."

No, Ella Fitzgerald is not capable of tragedy. She is capable of good melodrama ("Yesterdays") and of a kind of nostalgic pensiveness ("Can't Help Lovin' That Man"). To her detractors, all the rest is engaging shallowness. But for me, hers is the stuff of joy, a joy that is profound and ever replenished—perhaps from the self-discovery that, for all her equipment as a singer's singer, she is absolutely incapable of holding anything back.

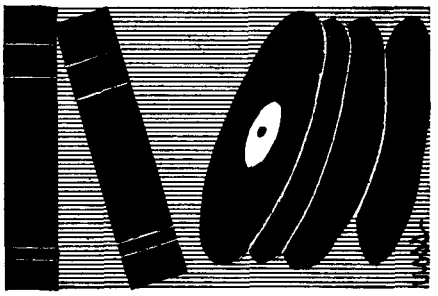
With Peggy Lee, on the other hand, I always feel that there is a great deal being held back. Let's take it on a technical level: on the LP *In the Name of Love* (Capitol T/ST 2096), she croons when she might sing on "There'll Be Some Changes Made"; she speaks when she might croon on "The Boy From Ipanema"; she whispers when she might speak on "Shangri-La." She has a good bouncy sense of tempo, but reveals no real swing. She never really lets us hear her voice and never goes far in revealing her feelings. We usually sense that the voice and the feelings are there (undeniably on "After You've Gone"), but the effect is not one of latent power, held properly in check. The effect is of a kind of self-rejection in which there is false comfort. Her manner is puzzling, and especially so when one remembers what an authentically moving actress Peggy Lee turned out to be in a couple of movies she made a few years back. Perhaps there is also a bit of bizarrerie in Peggy Lee's appeal—I mean, that blonde Scandinavian miss doing all them hot jazz tunes.

NANCY WILSON isn't holding back. But what she's putting forth is a good imitation of the late Dinah Washington with glimpses of Sarah Vaughan (or are they the crumbs from Dakota Staton's scraps of Sarah Vaughan?). She performs with a calculated impact on *How Glad I Am* (Capitol S/ST 2155). And the monotonous rock-'n'-roll effects of her accompaniment are even more offensive when they are dolled up in studio strings.

A few years back, at about the time of a Decca album called *By Special Request* (DL 8173), I would have called Carmen MacRae the best jazz singer to come along since Sarah Vaughan. Since then, it seems to me that she has gone in almost every direction but her initial one. In any case, she spent a great deal of time taking a Lena Horneish stance, including tossing of head, gnashing of teeth, and forcing of histrionics. *Bittersweet* (Focus 334) discovers Carmen MacRae restored once again as a jazz singer, a formidable jazz singer. The album's chic repertory is of the kind that apparently seems profound when half overheard in the boozy, patent-leather atmosphere of East Side bars ("When Sunny Gets Blue," "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," "Here's That Rainy Day"), but that may turn out to be pretty vacuous when carefully listened to beside the phonograph. Yet Miss MacRae, in the manner of a great actress, uses these pieces as proper vehicles. She attends to their lyrics, but only so long as it takes her to sift a truly dramatic moment from their implications. This moment her singing expands and explores. Moreover, she affects no peppy tempos, and, with only a quartet behind her, hides behind no loaded accompaniments.

United Artists has a miserly offering in *Inside Betty Carter* (6379); the LP runs less than thirty minutes all told. Miss Carter can sing; on ballads she uses a manner that is usually called "intimate" (*i.e.*, with minimum volume) which can have its stretches of cloy. Miss Carter can use the approach with high effectiveness, as on "This Is Always," although the mood gets a bit static on a couple of her other slow pieces. At faster tempos, she undertakes a kind of vocal gymnastics that may seem eccentrically cluttered, but that can be engagingly wild as on "My Favorite Things."

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Trio in B flat (Opus 97). Alma Trio. Decca DL 10099, $4.98; stereo DL 710099, $5.98.	Neither as a group nor as individuals do Adolph Baller, piano; Andor Toth, violin, or Gabor Rejto, cello; possess the reputation of some others whose performance of this work are listed in the catalogue—Rubinstein-Feuermann-Heifetz, Istomin-Casals-Schneider, Oborin-Knushevitzky-Oistrakh, to mention a few—but they sustain a technical standard equal to any, while achieving an evenness of ensemble superior to almost all. If there is a complaint—and it has to be reckoned as serious—it would be in the demanding slow movement. It is beautifully formulated, so far as evenness of emphasis and clarity of detail are concerned, but also with some niggardliness where individual eloquence is desirable. At least it can be said that the players are in agreement in the preferable procedure, that all play it equally close to the same vest. Very good sound, impeccably balanced.
Berlioz: *Roméo et Juliette*. Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and chorus; with Regina Resnik, mezzo; André Turp, tenor; and David Ward, bass. Westminster XWN 2233, $9.96; stereo WST 233, $9.96.	The late Monteux's feeling for this music was strongly his own—not so intense as Toscanini's, or as dramatic as Munch's, but with a persuasive romantic atmosphere of his own. Much of that is contained in this performance, but it must be perceived in spite of rather than because of the recording, which is curiously dull not to say dead in sound. It is, apparently, a product of the same arrangement that prevailed for Monteux's recording of the Beethoven Ninth for Westminster, and of equally limited listening satisfaction. This is unfortunate, for Resnik sings carefully and mostly well, and Turp is a commendable tenor. However, Ward is much too light for his music, sounding no part of a bass. Considering the shortcomings of the reproduction it may be useful for the prospective purchaser to know that RCA is preparing for release the Toscanini-NBC Symphony performance of 1947.
Dvořák: Quartets in D minor (Op. 34) and F major (Op. 96). Janācek Quartet. London CM 9394, $4.98; stereo CS 6394, $5.98.	Both works are given a high gloss of tonal polish by the Janaceks (there is, of course, no player of that name in the group headed by Jiri Travnicek), but there is even more interest in the performance of the D-minor than in the latter work. Recordings of it are hard to come by (save in the complete edition by the Kohon Quartet), and this one illuminates its relation to those whose art Dvořák idolized—Mozart and Smetana above all, and of course, Schubert. The playing is in almost every respect worthy of the work, the exception being in the lack of quite the rugged rhythmic accent wanted. Too often, as in the "American," the players gave signs of being more concerned about the suavity of the sound they produce than about the proper bite for the music.
Strauss: "O bleib, geliebter Tag!" and "Unheilvolle Daphne!" (*Daphne*); *Four Last Songs*. Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; with orchestra conducted by Laszlo Somogyi. Westminster XWN 19081, $4.98; stereo WST 17081, $4.98.	Even the most adroit microphoning cannot conceal the unsuitability of Miss Stich-Randall to this exacting music. Too often, in the *Daphne* excerpts, a note-by-note kind of vocalizing is substituted for the connection of notes into the *sung* phrases and periods that is required. To be sure, this is difficult music, which is all the more reason to be unsatisfied with her approximate intonation at several points (which might be tolerable in easier music; difficult music should be undertaken only by those who can sing it perfectly). As for the *Four Last Songs*, they are not nearly so difficult as Miss Stich-Randall makes them sound, in more of the note-by-note execution, as Della Casa and Schwarzkopf have demonstrated on records, and Farrell, Curtin, and Lois Marshall (among others) have in the concert hall. They are also interminably dragged out ("Beim Schlafengehn," especially).
Verdi: "Mia madre," "Willow Song," "Ave Maria" (*Otello*); "Ciel, ch'io respiri" and "O cielo! Dove son io" (*Aroldo*); "O don fatale" and "Non pianger, mia compagna" (*Don Carlo*). Maria Callas, soprano; with L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire conducted by Nicola Rescigno. Angel 36221, $4.98; stereo S 36221, $5.98.	Maria Callas's identity with the flesh and blood of Verdi's heroines has never been greater, whether the music belongs to the reticent Desdemona or the opposite sides of the love triangle of Don Carlo, Eboli and Elisabetta. The most beautiful of her singing is to be heard in the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria," both projected with that command of text and situation which are her special distinction, and with a vocal quality that is darker than one prefers to hear from Desdemona, but is otherwise lovingly molded to the shape of Verdi's phrases. Unfortunately, one A near the end of the "Ave Maria" almost gets away from her, but it is brought back to the pitch just in time. Temperamentally, her "O don fatale" is one of the great ones, but it is definitely taxing to her control; the bit from the scene between Elisabetta and the Countess of Aremberg (who has been banished for leaving the Queen alone with Don Carlo) is more accessible. Surprisingly, the demanding excerpts from *Aroldo* (a work whose original form directly preceded *Rigoletto*) finds Mme. Callas stretching her top to encompass a C-sharp and otherwise meeting the needs of an extended range ably. Musically and dramatically, the excerpts are not out of place between excerpts from *Otello* and *Don Carlo*, no mean praise. Thus the collection has a compulsive appeal not only to the Callas enthusiast but also the devoted Verdian, especially as Rescigno provides the singer with the kind of orchestral backgrounds she can work against.
Vivaldi: *The Four Seasons*. Ruggiero Ricci violinist and conductor; with a string ensemble. Decca DL 9423, $4.98; stereo DL 79423, $5.98.	Whether it is a wise procedure to combine the function of soloist and conductor for this music in the same person is at least open to question—in Ricci's case, he tends to usurp a share of prominence not his in reducing the tutti to an echo of the principal. However his personal standard of performance is very high, and very well sustained throughout. What is less sustained is the changing panorama of moods in the ensemble. For this series of works, Ricci utilizes a different Strad for each concerto, a dubious bit of showmanship when it might be more of a challenge to vary his sound four different ways on one instrument, Strad or otherwise. The ensemble of Strads (six violins, two violas and two celli) make a rich panorama of sound, especially at the bottom and top. The reproduction performs its function well. It might be mentioned, too, that the "priceless" instruments are all identified but not the musicians (not so valuable?) who play them.
Wagner: *Huldigungsmarsch; Funeral Symphony for Weber*. Mendelssohn: Overture for Winds; Funeral March; Musique des Gardiens de la Paix. Orchestra conducted by Désiré Dondeyne. Westminster XWN 19014, $4.98; stereo WST 17014, $4.98.	It was a tactical mistake to place the austere, expressive music Wagner made out of Weber's *Euryanthe* after the noisy, obsequious march for Ludwig II. However, for those who can swallow the contrast, the content will be nourishing. Of the two Mendelssohn items, there is more interest in the Funeral March (for a young composer named Norbert Burgmüller) than in the noisy, nonfanciful overture. All the performances by the band of the Paris Police are first class, and very well reproduced, though the performance of the Weber hardly sounds as though it were being performed by the eighty brass and woodwinds utilized by Wagner. Nor does it explain the line on the jacket reading "These performances were recorded on the Pleyel harpsichord." Quel harpsichord!
Weill: Concerto, Op. 12. Hindemith: Concerto (Op. 36, No. 3). Robert Gerle, violin; with chamber ensemble directed by Hermann Scherchen. Westminster XWN 19087, $4.98; stereo WST 17187, $4.98.	Neither of these works is quite what its title might suggest, for each is far removed from the common concept of violin concerto, rather more akin to something grafted on to the body of Schönberg's *Kammersymphonie*. In Weill's case, it is an unusual and absorbing opportunity to observe the kind of composer he was, in 1924, while still under the strong attraction to Busoni, with whom he studied. There is very little kinship in its intricate but easily comprehensible course to the later kind of music he wrote, save for the craftmanship with which he made an art of the commercial theater. The Hindemith is even earlier (1920), but already in the main line of the composer's subsequent development, especially in respect to fluency. Gerle plays both, not only possessively but also persuasively; and Scherchen makes every member of the two ensembles as much a contributor to the result as the nominal soloist. Highly satisfactory sound. —I.K.

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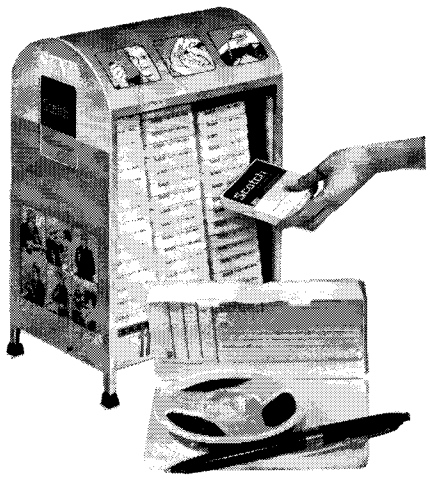

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THE OTHER SIDE

Klemperer's *Flute*, New *Parsifal*

LONDON.

THIS IS turning out to be quite a month for the opera lover. At this very moment Luchino Visconti and Carlo Maria Giulini are putting the finishing touches to their new Covent Garden production of *Il Trovatore*, though expectations have been somewhat dimmed by the news that Leontyne Price has had to withdraw from the cast for health reasons. In her place as Leonora—with Simionato, Bruno Prevedi, and Peter Glossop—will be the young Welsh soprano, Gwyneth Jones, whose rise from obscurity to stardom is without recent parallel.

But it is the recording companies that make this November operatically significant; it is not often that important new recordings of three masterpieces like *Die Zauberflöte, Fidelio, and Parsifal* emerge from the presses within a few days of each other, not to mention lesser delights such as RCA's bargain reissue of the Milanov-Björling-Warren-Leinsdorf *Tosca*, Decca's *Yeomen of the Guard* conducted by Sargent, and a disc of highlights from the de los Angeles-Björling *Madama Butterfly*. Of the major offerings, the new Decca *Fidelio* is perhaps the only one that does not fill an obvious gap, since we already have the magnificent EMI set conducted by Klemperer. Nonetheless, this is in many respects a fine achievement.

The cast of *Zauberflöte*, which on paper made a curiously lopsided impression, on the distaff side at any rate, seems in the event as well balanced as any this work has so far enjoyed on records. The impression of lopsidedness arises from the assignment of Pamina and the Queen of Night to two comparatively inexperienced singers, Gundula Janowitz and Lucia Popp, whereas the trios of Ladies and Boys bristle with household name like Schwarzkopf, Giebel, Christa Ludwig, Höffgen, and Veasey. Since Mozart gave both these trios some wonderful music to sing, Angel's seeming extravagance pays off handsomely.

Almost thirteen years ago Decca gave us a superb set of *Parsifal*, the first complete recording ever to be made of Wagner's last music drama. This did not originate in the studio but was a synthesis of live performances given at the 1951 Bayreuth Festival under the direction of Hans Knappertsbusch. Eleven years later, in the summer of 1962, Philips adopted the same procedure, now using stereo techniques, and after a long delay this new *Parsifal* is at last available. Once again the guiding hand belongs to Knappertsbusch, now in his seventies, whose reading of the remarkable score remains as expansive as ever it was. Amfortas is still in the familiar hands of George London, who now sings with greater conviction, even if his voice has lost some of its erstwhile bloom. But whereas previously he was the sole transatlantic singer in a predominantly German cast, America can now claim three of the main protagonists, for the title role is sung by Jess Thomas, with Irene Dalis as Kundry.

The sort of sonic splendors for which London-Decca is justly famed can be sampled this month in orchestral recordings made in London, Vienna, and Geneva. Under Solti's dynamic direction, the London Symphony gives us exciting performances of Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta* as well as the turbulent Suite, from *The Miraculous Mandarin*. No less astonishing is the sound produced by the Vienna Philharmonic under Maazel, which brings youthful vitality to bear on Strauss's *Don Juan* and *Tod und Verklärung*.

Another truly delightful issue from this source features music for two pianos by Mozart and Schumann, performed by a duo new to records: Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcom Frager. Russian-American collaboration here results in a wholly pleasurable account of Mozart's Sonata in D, K.448; Schumann is represented by the rarely heard Andante and Variations, given in its original version with added parts for two cellos (Terence Weil, Amaryllis Fleming) and horn (Barry Tuckwell), as well as the Etude in the form of a Canon, the latter arranged by Debussy. There are also further instalments of two current Decca projects: Vol. II of Mozart's Dances and Marches played by a Viennese ensemble under Boskovsky's direction, and Julius Katchen's third volume devoted to Brahms's solo piano literature, containing the youthful Sonatas in C and F sharp minor.

EMI's Columbia label features the Philharmonia Orchestra (now fully re-established in the concert hall as the New P.O.) under two of its favorite conductors, both of whom here explore unexpected musical avenues. But whereas Giulini's performances of the Sea Interludes from *Peter Grimes* and *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* show an admirable grasp of Britten's idiom, Klemperer's reading of the Dvořák New World Symphony strikes me as labored for all its attention to detail (including his almost unprecedented observance of the repeat in the first movement). When you hear the *Marseillaise* sung by a magnificent male chorus to an orchestral accompaniment containing the unmistakable twang of balalaikas, you do not require the analytical mind of a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that this must be the Red Army Ensemble on a visit to Paris, and this indeed is the source of Columbia's latest issue, an attractive ten-inch disc featuring this remarkable musical institution. Its repertoire may be sadly restricted and unadventurous, but the beauty of the voices and the vitality of the singing remain as thrilling as ever.

From HMV, too, come several attractive discs, among them Falla's complete *Three-Cornered Hat*, a performance by the Philharmonia under the young Spanish conductor Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, with the offstage vocal solos rather too gently sung by Victoria de los Angeles, as well as a Liszt program (B-minor Sonata, Hungarian Fantasia, and Busoni's arrangement of the *Rhapsodie Espagnole)* featuring the gifted John Ogdon, supported in the last two works by the Philharmonia under Pritchard. Menuhin completes his series devoted to the Mozart Violin Concertos with a disc coupling the E-flat Concerto, K.268, of questionable authenticity, with the early Concertone, K.190, in which he is joined by his pupil, Alberto Lysy.

To round off this survey, let me commend a wholly pleasurable collection that HMV has given the slightly ambiguous title of *British National Songs*. The program, however, carries no overt patriotic message; it simply consists of seventeen songs, some traditional and others hallowed by tradition (including a handful of Shakespeare settings), hailing from various parts of the British Isles and familiar wherever English is spoken. Garnished with lively but never outlandish orchestral accompaniments, these are performed with skill and infectious enthusiasm by Elizabeth Harwood, Owen Brannigan, and a very accomplished choir of school children, with the Pro Arte Orchestra under the direction of Charles Mackerras (who was also responsible for many of the arrangements). HMV's recording is absolutely first-class, setting the seal on a most enjoyable issue.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Mozart Psychoanalyzed

BRIGID BROPHY, the author of *Mozart the Dramatist* (Harcourt Brace, 328 pp., $5.85), is a competent researcher, an experienced novelist, a reasonable amateur sociologist, and often a convincing philosopher. She has demonstrated her varied skills in seven previous books, the most famous of which is *Black Ship to Hell*, a treatise on widespread application of the Freudian doctrine. Her most recent *oeuvre* probably tells more about Miss Brophy than had any previous one, however, simply because it reveals her limitations as well as her abilities. On the basis of *Mozart the Dramatist* it may safely be deduced that the British author is *not* a reliable psychologist or even an authoritative analyst of the theater. Most important, she is definitely not a musician.

Miss Brophy's purpose—complex at best and impossible at worst—is to explore the nature of Mozart's genius primarily on the basis of his operas. In so doing, she makes no attempt to analyze—let alone psychoanalyze—Mozart's actual music. For this we are grateful. Doing so would require dealing with abstraction and supposition to a degree that even Miss Brophy might find prohibitive. But her alternative solution, to concentrate instead on the Mozart librettos, is not really helpful either. In the end, some controversial light is shed on Mozart's collaborators, the Messrs. Schikaneder, Da Ponte, et al., but rather little is shed on the composer himself.

Miss Brophy tries strenuously but unconvincingly to prove that Mozart really assumed the function of librettist as well as composer. She reminds us how careful he was in choosing his texts and plots, and that he altered these on occasion to suit his personal needs. But music history tells us this was the case with practically every operatic composer of quality. If Mozart had really been so concerned with the drama of his music-dramas, would he not have written his own librettos?

In presenting her case, Miss Brophy painstakingly describes the social and intellectual function of eighteenth-century opera. She dwells with enlightenment on the related influences of Voltaire and Shakespeare. She offers a plausible explanation of the contradictions of *Die Zauberflöte* (though her conclusions are not quite so convincing as those recently published by Walter Felsenstein). Had she contented herself with this kind of effort, she might have made a valuable contribution to the Mozart literature. In examining Mozart, Don Giovanni, Tamino, and the rest in terms of twentieth-century psychosexuality, however, she forces logic to the point of absurdity.

A few examples of Brophian reasoning will suffice to indicate the shakiness of her conclusions. Mozart, she tells us, is a "music-dramatist in exactly the same sense Shakespeare is a poetry-dramatist." Women, we learn, invariably "have more interesting singing voices" than men. Her misunderstanding of vocal type-casting prompts the claim that Belmonte in *Die Entführung* and Tamino in *Zauberflöte* must be sung by heroic, not lyric, tenors. *Così fan Tutte* is described as a "tragic drama." Miss Brophy insists that *Don Giovanni* and *Zauberflöte* share the same basic theme. The hero of both, she claims, descends to hell; this, it is concluded, reveals the basic ambivalence of Mozart's character.

Regardless of the validity of such conclusions, it cannot be denied that they are provocative enough to stimulate interest. Some others, however, are too faulty to be controversial. Miss Brophy's discussion of the castrato era is confused, as is her analysis of the function of "Mi Tradì" in *Don Giovanni*. (Elvira's aria is cited as the essence of the opera—an argument that makes little sense if one knows that it was an addition composed well after the première.)

The greatest test of the reader's tolerance, however, crops up whenever Miss Brophy surrenders herself to Freud. Developing a concept of vicarious eroticism in opera, Miss Brophy claims that the enlightened city-culture of the eighteenth-century looked upon public vocalism as "socialized sexuality."

"It is not difficult," she continues, "to read both the prodigies of muscular exertion and the prodigies of breath control as metaphors of virtuoso performance in bed." Moving from generalities to specifics, Miss Brophy analyzes *Don Giovanni*. At the beginning of Chapter 20 she tells us that "in consigning Don Giovanni to hell, Mozart was punishing his infantile and unconscious self for parricidal wishes against Leopold Mozart, and his enlightened self for parricidal wishes against the established order"! (Exclamation point mine.) Before long we are also informed that *Don Giovanni* is "Mozart's Oedipal music drama." Much space is devoted to speculation on suppressed homosexuality and castration complexes, but after a while it becomes difficult to remember whether Miss Brophy is speaking of Mozart or Don Giovanni or both.

Perhaps it doesn't matter. After all, such speculation has no demonstrable bearing on Mozart's one indisputable contribution: the score. Miss Brophy's fatal problem is a tendency to make complicated issues seem all too simple, and simple ones too complicated. Her arguments often provide interesting reading, but what lasting value is there in an argument made for its own sake?

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Ten from Cleveland

By OLIVER DANIEL

WHEN ONE thinks of music in Cleveland, its excellent symphony, George Szell, and Robert Shaw come immediately to mind. It is rarely thought of as a breeding ground for composers. Yet ten, unknown to most musicians, are represented on a pair of recordings presented by the Cleveland Composers' Guild on Composers Recordings (CRI 182, $5.95; stereo 182 SD, $5.95. CRI 183, $5.95—mono only). This type of project, sponsored by the Kulas Foundation, may well prove more meaningful in the long run than many of the more elaborate subsidies given by the larger foundations. There is certainly no catastrophe here.

The composers, all associated with Cleveland and members of the Guild, are Rudolph Bubalo, Marcel Dick, Donald Erb, Bain Murray, Juli Nunlist, Klaus George Roy, Hale Smith, Howard Whittaker, Raymond Wilding-White, and Jane Corner Young.

Volume I is devoted to choral works excellently conducted by Robert Shaw. The binding element is geographical rather than stylistic, and the works of these composers are quite diversified. Austrian-born Klaus George Roy, who migrated here at the age of sixteen, has made an effective setting with *Canticle of the Sun*. It is sparse but striking. Bain Murray's *Safe in Their Alabaster Chambers* is a pleasant, unpretentious piece and is as safe musically as its title. But despite its simplicity and lack of daring, it is contemporary in spirit. Bain Murray, born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1926, has been chairman of the Cleveland Composers' Guild since 1961. He studied at Oberlin and Harvard and has worked in composition with Walter Piston, Nadia Boulanger, and Herbert Elwell.

Howard Whittaker, born in Lakewood, a Cleveland suburb, in 1922, has also been a student of Elwell. His cantata *Behold He Cometh with Clouds* is an occasional piece, composed in 1951 and written for the Orpheus Male Chorus of Cleveland. It aims at being impressive and at times becomes almost pompous. The two-piano accompaniment, while skilfully handled, does little to contribute to attractiveness.

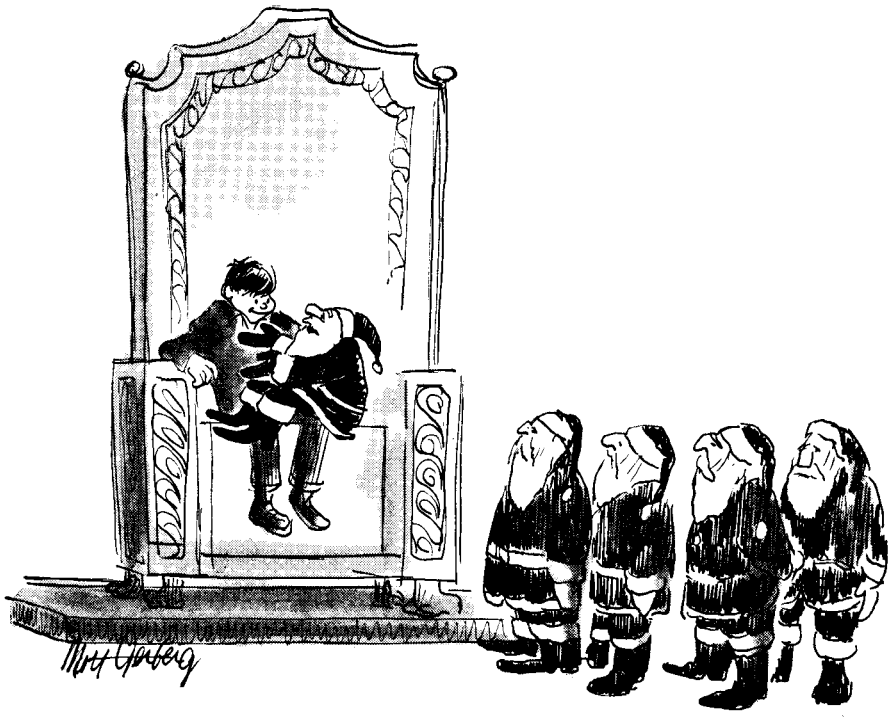
Hale Smith, a native Clevelander born in 1925, is represented by a moving work, *In Memoriam*. It was written a decade ago in honor of Beryl Rubinstein who had long been the director of the Cleveland Institute of Music, where Smith had studied. The opening is a beautifully spun vocalise for soprano, and the succeeding movements are settings of Langston Hughes's *Poème d'automne* in which the poet likens "trees stripped by the winter frost and wind of their autumn foliage" to "courtesans stripped of their finery." And then follows a short, poignant elegy with text by the Cleveland poet Russell Atkins. Hale Smith is rapidly making a reputation as one of the most significant Negro composers. A recent work of his, *Contours*, was recorded by the Louisville Orchestra with Robert Whitney conducting. Smith writes with ease and a refreshing lack of self-consciousness.

British-born Raymond Wilding-White had among his teachers Luigi Dallapiccola, Aaron Copland, and Jacques Ibert. His "Paraphernalia—a Regalia of Madrigalia from Ezra Pound" bounces along in a brash, helter-skelter fashion. The score calls for a vocal quartet plus trumpet, oboe, clarinet, violin, and harpsichord. The composer has set out to write a divertimento for voices and instruments, and has done so most successfully. The pieces are varied and individual, ranging from the diatonic to the completely chromatic but never quite getting as far as "serialism or other tonal structuring devices."

Volume II of the series is more adventurous. It opens with a work by Donald Erb, who was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1927 and is now teaching at the University of Indiana. His "Sonata for Harpsichord and String Quartet," written in 1962, is a delightful piece. It is brilliantly written and may well achieve considerable popularity. Rudolph Bubalo, born in Duluth, Minnesota, also in 1927, offers *Three Pieces for Brass Ensemble* played effectively by the Cleveland Brass Ensemble. While not particularly impressive, they are agreeable and attractive.

The stellar role on the concluding side is played by Arthur Loesser, who in many areas is perhaps better known as the author of *Men, Women and Pianos* than as a piano virtuoso. Jacques Barzun in his introduction to the book remarks that "his prevailing wind of doctrine, one may say, is the astringent. He prefers the aristocratic ideal to the bourgeois, polyphonic music to homophonic, art to trade, the individual to the mass, the definite and elegant to the atmospheric and passionate." In some manner this characterizes Mr. Loesser's pianism. Regrettably, the music he is given to play is the least rewarding part of the collection. Marcel Dick, born in Hungary in 1898, has written a *Suite for Piano* in which he tries to blend eighteenth- and twentieth-century ideas. Twelve-tone technique applied to classic dance forms is not a very good idea to start with, and the misalliance results in tedium.

The works of Juli Nunlist and Jane Corner Young are of little substance and concern. But there is enough in these two discs to make them worth the effort.



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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk Music

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Islands of Scotland: Calum Kennedy, with Orchestra conducted by Eric Rogers. "Winsome Mary," "Skye Fishers' Song," "Eilidh," "Wee Highland Glen," "My Ain Hoose," nine others. London TW 91322, $3.98, (mono only).	This bubbling musical excursion to the Hebrides is easily one of the most beguiling folk albums of the year. The songs are bright and airy—tenderly sentimental, most of them, with now and again some ebullient dancing tune or sheep-shearing song friskily portraying the lighter side of life on the islands. Calum Kennedy, himself a native of the Isle of Lewis, has a light, reedy, not especially flexible voice, but there is such warmth in his singing, such unruffled charm that his chosen ballads spring forth with captivating sparkle.
Dust-Bowl Ballads: reissues of folk songs, written and sung by Woody Guthrie. "The Great Dust Storm," "Tom Joad," "Blowin' Down this Road," "Do Re Mi," "Dust Bowl Blues," "Dusty Old Dust," seven others. Victor LPV 502, $4.98.	Clitton Fadiman once described the ballads of Woody Guthrie as "a national possession, like Yellowstone and Yosemite." Surely the most potent and significant of the literally hundreds of songs with which Guthrie has enriched our folk heritage are the Dust-Bowl ballads—compassionate, witty, sardonic, deeply poignant products of the same dark times that John Steinbeck described in his searing *Grapes of Wrath*. On April 26th, 1940, Woody recorded a number of these ballads for RCA Victor, which released them on a now classic pair of 78 rpm albums. These performances, of course, have long since been out of print, but now are again, along with an added bonus: "Pretty Boy Floyd" and "Dust Bowl Blues," two previously unreleased songs made at that same April session. There is little more to add. These reissues (part of Victor's laudable "vintage" series) are remarkable testaments of an authentic folk genius.
The Times They Are A-Changin': Bob Dylan. "With God on Our Side," "North Country Blues," "Only a Pawn in Their Game," "When the Ship Comes In," six others. Columbia CL 2105, $3.98; stereo CS 8905, $4.98.	Bob Dylan has been establishing himself ever more firmly as the balladic spokesman for the troubled youth of America, and this third album for Columbia contains ten of his typically zealous, fiery songs of topical protest. Dylan's singing is still marked by sloppy diction and a grating, harsh quality, but he has discarded many of his more annoying vocal mannerisms (either that or we're just getting used to them) and so has become a much more acceptable purveyor of his own ballads. As for the songs, some a little obscure, others dreadfully overlong; but most have an undeniable thrust of elemental power. Bob Dylan, like Woody Guthrie before him, sings for and of the common man with a potency that cannot be lightly dismissed.
What's On My Mind: Alex Lukeman. "Alberta Let Your Hair Hang Low," "Frankie and Albert," "Banks of Yarrow," "Sweet Betsy from Pike," "Wild Colonial Boy," "Talking Guitar Blues," seven others. Aravel AB 1007, $4.98 (mono only).	Alex Lukeman frankly concedes a spiritual debt to Cisco Houston, and in a way the singing of this twenty-three-year-old newcomer is somewhat reminiscent of Cisco's. This is not so much in vocal timbre (Lukeman, too, is a baritone, but his voice is lighter, with a sharper edge), as in the straightforward, rough-hewn honesty he brings to his ballads. At this point his singing would benefit from greater warmth and—especially in the more dramatic numbers—more of a sense of urgency, but no doubt these will come.
The Land and the People: Cathie Taylor. "Sow Took the Measles," "Turn Around," "Tarrytown," "All My Trials," "Squid Jiggin' Ground," seven others. Reprise R 6121, $3.98; stereo R 9-6121, $4.98.	Cathie Taylor strains too hard in a few of the peppier songs here, but in the more lyrical ones—which actually comprise the bulk of her debut recital—she is entirely at ease. Her voice has a gentle, friendly charm, and these traits extend to her over-all approach as well: sensitive rather than intense, and extremely musical always, Miss Taylor's singing is generally unhurried, uncluttered, and quite engaging.
Cherries and Plums: Leon Bibb. "Polly Oliver," "Rozhinkes Mit Mandlen," "The Honey-Wind Blows," "When Spring Comes Around," "The Fisherman," "Mary Ann," "The Cuddlebug," five others. Liberty LRP 3358, $3.98; stereo LST 7358, $4.98.	Leon Bibb has most often recorded raucous work chants, impassioned spirituals, and trenchant prison ballads, but on this latest release, he devotes himself primarily to warmly tender songs of romance and childhood. Rarely has the balladeer sung with more sensitivity or charm, and the result, naturally, is a marvelous album. Admittedly most of the songs here fall into the category of composed ballads-in-folk-style, but apart from a couple of overly cute items, Bibb has selected wisely: I certainly will not be the one to quibble over the inclusion of such gentle tunes as Will Holt's "Adieu Madras" or Fred Hellerman and Fran Minkoff's "The Honey-Wind Blows." On the more traditional side, Bibb romps through the jaunty saga of "Eastman" (the first recording of the song, I think, since the Hall Johnson Choir did it in the late Thirties) and gives a nicely nostalgic tinge to the lovely Canadian melody "Mary Ann."
Shoshana: Shoshana Damari, with Orchestra conducted by Gershon Kingsley. "Erev Ba," "Yome Yome," "Dumam," "Viva Jujuy," "Es Brent," "Aman Dermendji," nine others. Vanguard VRS 9126, $4.98; stereo VSD 2144, $5.95.	Shoshana Damari has long been one of the most eloquent exponents of Israeli and Yemenite ballads, but here she expands her mastery to Yiddish and Arabic songs, as well as those from Turkey, Roumania, and South America (all, by the way, in the original languages). Her voice is as fluent as the subjects of her music: it veers from the tender grace of a child's song to the flashing fire of a Bedouin dance; it conveys the flirtatious lilt of a village romance and the fervent intensity of an ancient prayer. The tasteful orchestral accompaniments complement a superb recording.
Fado: Manuel de Almeida and Mariana Silva, with guitar accompaniments. "Marcha dos Mangericos," "Adeus Mouraria," "Fado das Caldas," "Varinas," "Lisboa Casta Princesa," seven others. Monitor MF 408, $4.98; stereo MFS 408, $4.98.	That a Portuguese *fado* may be something other than a brooding, passionate song of nostalgia, fate, or lost love, is well demonstrated here. Not that there is any dearth of brooding, passionate songs; but for a change they are counterbalanced by a sprightly march, and various other lighthearted *fados* of fun and fiesta. Alternating in performance are Mariana Silva (female) and Manuel de Almeida (male), both of whom have the prerequisite throaty, intense voices of the genuine *fadista,* along with a cheery temper that is less universal among their colleagues.
Songs from Scandinavia: Various soloists and the Icelandic Singers, conducted by Sigurdur Thordarson. "Song of Grotta," "Lullaby," "Far Does He Wait," "In the Beginning," "Raven at the Window," ten others. Monitor MF 411, $4.98; stereo MFS 411, $4.98.	There is a great deal of beauty in these choral songs of Scandinavia (ten are Icelandic, two Danish, and one each Swedish, Finnish, and Norwegian), but it is an austere beauty, achieved for the most part with sombre melodies and dark, moody harmonies. Performing *a capella* (except for one number with piano accompaniment), the thirty-odd male voices of the Icelandic Singers blend with precision and vigor. Lacking, however, are the glorious sonorites we associate, say, with Welsh or Russian choirs, and humor is even more conspicuously absent.
Perspective: Bud and Travis. "Maria Cristina," "Abilene," "I Never Will Marry," "Goin' to California," "Ay Maria," eight others. Liberty LRP, 3341, $3.98; stereo LST 7341, $4.98.	Bud Dashiell and Travis Edmondson saunter through a lively songfest that will be most appreciated by those who like their ballads slick and smooth and sophisticated. Appealing though it may be, their program in fact bears only the most superficial resemblance to traditional song: having doused their musical fare in souped-up arrangements, Bud and Travis proceed to spike it with globs of low-grade comedy, further confirming their basic allegiance to the pop rather than the folk spirit.
Traditional Jewish Memories: The Orchestra and Chorus of Benedict Silberman. "Hava Nagila," "Rabbi Elimelech," "Chanukah Song," "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön," "Mitzva Dances," nine others. Warner Bros. W 1534, $3.98; stereo WS 1534, $4.98.	The album commentary for this assortment of familiar melodies proclaims that "the link with the past and the quantity of Jewish music available beg the one ingredient necessary for contemporary audiences: interpretation." Now I'm not exactly sure what that all means, but certain it is that these lovely tunes have been "interpreted" far beyond the call of duty, what with ponderous orchestrations, fussy choral settings, and arrangements that basically vary only in the degree of their pretentiousness. It is no little tribute to the songs to note that in spite of this concerted attempt on their simplicity, they manage to make these performances fairly diverting in spite of themselves. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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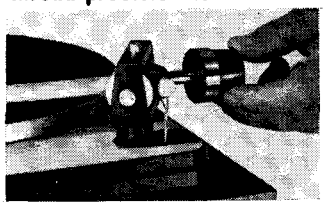

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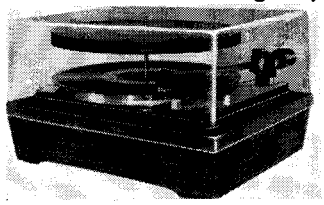

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SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 5 in E flat, Opus 82; "Pohjola's Daughter," Opus 49. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra.* Vanguard Everyman SRV-137, $1.98; stereo SRV-1375D, $1.98.

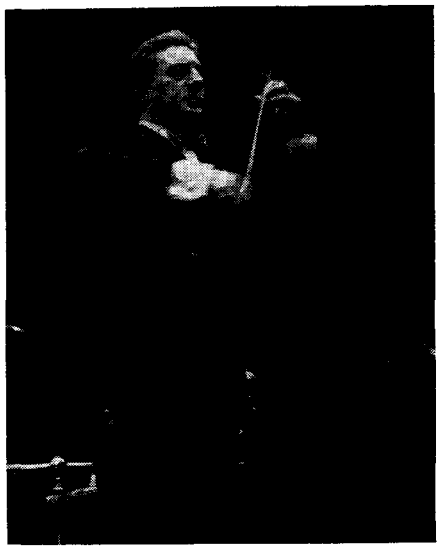
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Opus 64; Marche Slave, Opus 31. Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra.* Vanguard Everyman SRV-139SD or SRV-139, $1.98; stereo SRV-1395D, $1.98.

As everyone who has heard Barbirolli's concerts or recordings of the last decade is aware, he is an old-fashioned conductor in the most gratifying sense. In an era in which many of his colleagues are mass-producing note-perfect but emotionally vapid interpretations in what has become a phonographic steeplechase for them, Sir John still finds it possible (and, for him, mandatory) to be involved with the music he chooses to conduct. By extension, this means that he may record less than many of his contemporaries, but he records only the music for which he has strong feelings.

That music is, in large part, the sort that demands such involvement if it is to succeed as anything more than a virtuoso vehicle. Such composers as Mahler, Dvoràk, Sibelius, and Vaughan Williams, all dear to Sir John, did not approach music as an exercise in mathematics or a chess problem, and a virtuoso approach on the part of the interpreter will not suffice, though the technical demands are indeed high.

These latest examples in Vanguard's Everyman series, offered at a price that is anything but an accurate indication of their value, demonstrate even more forcefully than their predecessors just what it is that sets Barbirolli apart from the others who have recorded their views of the respective works. The fundamental difference, as suggested above, is that Sir John has a view—a personal, penetrating, and demonstrably valid one in each case.

From the very outset of the Sibelius symphony one is aware of an expansiveness and majesty unencumbered by pretentiousness or induced solemnity. There is no resorting to the superficially "Sibelian." The great finale expands in a way that is "triumphal" (the composer's word) in the deepest sense, and even those troublesome separated chords at the end now seem charged with sense and inevitability.



—*Pix.*

Barbirolli—"old-fashioned . . . in the most gratifying sense."

Ordinarily, the Tchaikovsky Fifth would be about the last work to generate the kind of enthusiasm the Sibelius disc evokes, for it has been fashionable for some time to refuse to take it seriously. Such a prejudgment, however, fails to reckon with the kind of musicianship again in evidence here. Overfamiliar, certainly; imperfect, yes; but the Fifth is a masterpiece, and no conductor has shown this symphony's greatness and weaknesses in better balance than Barbirolli. There is no attempt either to underplay or to exaggerate the dramatic character of the music, but the conductor's unself-conscious regard for musical values allows the drama to take care of itself, with excitement to spare.

Such a performance would certainly elicit calls for an encore in the concert hall, but one would hardly expect an uncut Tchaikovsky Fifth to leave room for anything else on a single disc. The "filler" is as substantial as it is unprecedented: a *Marche Slave* which, like the performance of the Symphony, shows a respect for musical values not always in evidence when this material is performed.

It only remains to mention that, although the mono editions of both records were released in England more than five years ago (and the *Marche Slave* was available here on the Mercury label at about the same time), the sound of the new stereo pressings is only minutely short of today's most impressive, and certainly excellent by any standards.

—RICHARD FREED.

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Landowska

Continued from page 45

study of Landowska in *Music-Makers*, quotes Dukas as believing: "To arrive at a proper interpretation one must rely on the expressive content of each prelude and fugue, paying no heed to such archaic clues as may be applicable to Rameau or to Handel." Note well, then, Landowska's comment (on page 147) of her text, on the fourth prelude of the second book of the "48": "The three-part Prelude IV in C sharp minor is deeply influenced by the French school and most of all by Couperin. All in it is French—the lute-style of writing, the manner of treating appoggiaturas and mordents, and the character of the melodic line, which calls for the whine of *oboes d'amore* or *da caccia*, instruments dear to the French. . . ."

The interchange of influence may also be discerned in her comment on the *Goldberg Variations:* "A revelation awaited me as I studied the work of a composer seventeen years older than Bach. Gallant, with almost frivolous allusions, *Les Folies Françaises* of François Couperin le Grand are considered light in character. And yet a close examination of their structure unveiled for me a striking affinity with the monumental *Goldberg Variations*. In both works there is the same principle of an immutable bass, the same succession of unchanging harmonies passing from one variation to the next. Both composers show their scornful nonconformism to the laws of scholastic variation form." Landowska does not labor the resemblances unduly, thus making clear her appreciation that Bach's inventiveness "moves in the sphere of contrapuntal speculations," Couperin's "toward an extremely refined psychological elaboration." But what a pleasure it is to encounter a musician who was both a creature of impulse and a woman of intellect, able not only to divine her objectives but also to define them.

It is suggestive that, out of the innumerable possibilities that presented themselves, Mme. Restout chose to open *Landowska on Music* with these words: " 'Whether you are a dilettante or a professor, do not expect to find in these compositions any profound intention, but rather, an ingenious jesting of the art to prepare you for bold playing on the harpsichord. . . . Show yourself more human than critical, and thus you will increase your own pleasure. . . . Live happily!" To these words from Domenico Scarlatti's preface to a collection of his sonatas, Landowska adds a comment of her own: 'Ingenious jesting rather than profound invention.' A laconic warning indeed, the irony of which unveils its strength as we explore the work.

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The verbal interpretation, by its very appositeness, leads to the musical interpretations of the composer whom, above all others, Landowska promoted to a deserved place of honor in the music lovers' affection. You may disagree that Landowska's Bach is both Hers and His, dislike her Handel, or disapprove her Couperin, but who is there bold enough to proclaim resistance to her Scarlatti? Whichever mood she preferred to show him in—as, in her words, the composer of "a little opera" (L. 257) or as "a proud hidalgo in rags" (L.S. 20)—the characterization was complete to the smallest gesture, the effect as insinuating as it was irresistible.

It is a happy coincidence that Angel is currently releasing, in its *Great Recordings of the Century* series (COLH 304, $5.98), an addition to the several examples of her artistry already in that sequence. This one has the interest of being devoted to twenty sonatas of Scarlatti recorded in Paris in 1939 and early 1940, and including the F major, Longo supplement 20, to which reference was made above. (The Angel brochure, excellent though it is, does not contain her comments.)

In this example of the function that was at the core of her world, Landowska ranges through a variety of expressions culled from her intimate knowledge of the Scarlatti catalogue, of which little was known when she made the historic recording of 1934 issued by the Scarlatti Subscription Society (now on Angel COLH 73). So far as I can determine, only L.382, L.461, L.497 and L.Supplement 20 were released in America (on RCA Victor V-12-0964, to commemorate her seventieth birthday in 1949) and, in toto, on an Italian LP of limited circulation. Thus it will be substantially a new experience to all, and what an addenda to her text! In such examples of musical finesse and dexterity as the A—minor (L.138) with its repeated, toccata-like figures, or the D—major (L.14), with its recurrent lute-like passages, there are incarnate the products of the care, the thought, the intensity of her "passion for research and joy of discovery" that have animated all her musical endeavors, however expressed.

As some of the samples cited above may suggest, *Landowska on Music* has a literary value separate from the sense it conveys, but inseparable from the interest it promotes. Whether this was wholly in the original, or has been added in the translation, it makes the acquisition of information as painless as

Landowska at twenty-one—"led on by the zeal . . . to communicate."

the enticement of a Landowska recording. Doubtless there will be those who will contend that her observations on embellishments, added notes, and the place of improvisation in Mozart, etc., have been superseded or expanded by later writers. But where would they have been without her example? Rummaging still in the pages of history rather than contributing to a vital part of the world's present-day experience.

Diversity

Continued from page 47

weighted track's amplifier feeding it via an inverse weighing network that matches its signal to the level and equalization of the normal track. The switch is triggered by a level-sensing device. At low signal levels, when only the weighted track is acceptably noise-free, only this track feeds the output. But when the reproduced signal from this track at any frequency reaches a level sufficient to produce 1 per cent harmonic distortion, the output line is automatically transferred to the normally equalized track.

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Music to My Ears

(*Continued from page* 34)

wise the results accorded with expectations.

Having said this much, however, there is nothing very much more to be said. Steinberg has been known to the New York public for a good two decades, and he merits the reputation that has accrued to him as a sound, unspectacular musician whose authority has grown in keeping with his knowledge. The musicians apparently respect his inclination not to overconduct, and pay him the tribute of attention. The order of execution he achieved was evidence of the good working relationship he has established in a relatively short time.

Taken as a whole, the performances of Strauss, Webern, and Brahms did not strike me as much more than an exercise in command. There was a wonderful crescendo at the beginning of *Zarathustra* and a fine fade-out at the end, but, in between, the contrasts of mood and meaning in the work were not marked as strongly as they might have been. Aside from any relationship to Nietszche the work purports to convey, musical meaning would have been enhanced by a lighter accent on the waltz section to provide a more acute contrast with the learning embodied in the fugue.

Steinberg began his Brahms in a chamber-music spirit and built the work to an impressive peroration—thus, in a sense, reversing the dynamic contour of *Zarathustra*. Here, too, the treatment was much of the same methodical, impersonal order, everything neatly arranged, all the rough places made smooth. But it all tended to be rather objective and prosy for the full measure of the eloquence in Brahms's discourse to be released. There was something more like mood in the Webern pieces, of which Steinberg gave the first American performances as recently as 1957.

—Irving Kolodin.

More Scherchen

Continued exposure to Hermann Scherchen in the concert hall (as opposed to Scherchen on records, who is not always the same man) has reinforced the positive impression made at his American debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The subsequent Scherchen evenings at Philharmonic Hall, however, have found the maestro not in front of a major symphonic ensemble, but leading a small *ad hoc* orchestra assembled primarily for his benefit. The resulting shift of values is fascinating.

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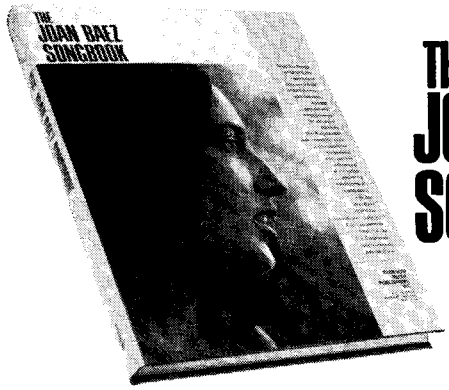

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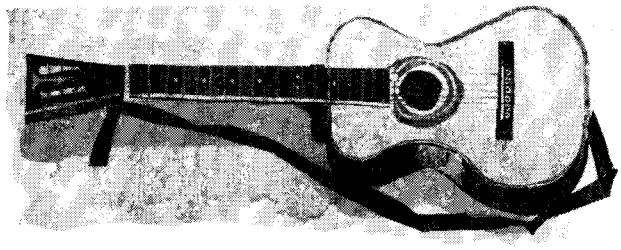

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lection of young, dissimilar talents as the New York Chamber Orchestra. By the same token, lapses in accuracy, pitch, and tonal purity—all of which would disgrace the venerable Philadelphians—become pardonable with this inexperienced pick-up group. It is to Scherchen's lasting credit, therefore, that such lapses occurred as seldom and as unobtrusively as they did. Scherchen proved how musicianship and technique can triumph over limitations of time and resource. The saddest aspect of his visit, in fact, is that he must leave at just about the time his orchestra will really begin to become "his."

A concert subtitled "Baroque Trumpets" (the five-program series has been labled *A Portrait of Hermann Scherchen*) proved most notable for a brilliantly vitalized reading of Vivaldi's B-minor Concerto for Four Violins. The spirit communicated by Scherchen to his four young soloists, and to the audience, easily compensated for the fact that the vehicle really didn't belong on a brass-dominated program at all. (Telemann, Manfredini, Handel and Stölzei were the composers of the more representative works.)

As a Baroque stylist Scherchen made some paradoxical decisions involving ornamentation (it was inconsistently applied and not too often at that), formal architecture (most of the sectional repeats were omitted—to save time, he claimed), and tempi (some slow movements threatened to stand still). But his ability to sustain tension, his ear for color, balance, and nuance, his penchant for brio without hysteria and pathos without sentimentality—all silenced the potential reservations.

Similar quality marked the concert called "Vienna Classics," which opened with a little Mozartean night music (the *Serenata Notturna*, K. 239) and closed with more of the same (the better-known *Nachtmusik* of K. 525). In between there were two Haydn symphonies and Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*. The former had just enough simplicity and charm to counterbalance the passionate intellectualism of the latter.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Comment on Scherchen

HERMANN SCHERCHEN'S article on electronic music [*SR*, Oct. 31] delivers an exercise in linguistics. It takes several readings by workers in the field of electronic composition to understand Scherchen's position. For non-specialized readers, it could hold only a sort of brilliant bewilderment.

At first reading, the article seems a mishmash of art, music, philosophy, technology and startling semantics. . . . I wonder how many readers, be they musicians, composers, or conductors, understood his reference to "ring modulators," "receding spiral of sound waves," "analogue construction," "concrete sounds," etc. He speaks in parables when he describes *white noise* (familiar to all electronic and acoustic engineers) as a "white psychological rumbling projected with equal intensity in all frequencies. . . ."

Scherchen seems to close several avenues of electronic composition, and will accept only a narrow creative approach open to a few geniuses. He scoffs at "tape dilettantes," technicians are "outsiders," tape splicing is "medieval clumsiness," and most composers "indulge in unimaginative handicraft." Twice he rejects the term "electronic music," and calls for electronic *sound*, a distinction or belittlement of little purpose.

What, then, is a rational and constructive viewpoint toward electronic composition? I say, first, it is open to all without the unattainable costs of bringing a traditional score into the concert hall. It is of tremendous stimulation because it removes the economic barrier that keeps new works from the living presentation. Electrical composition is the ultimate democratic feat of musical creation, for even the lowly individual or student may present his composition via the medium of tape or disc recording. Such composition will fill the dearth of musical creation in today's world, for it will not need a hundred musicians led by a cantankerous, egocentric conductor; it will not require expensive rehearsals, concert halls, or the demands of trade unions.

If electronic music is part gimmick or mechanically contrived, it does not matter. The bad and unimportant will fall by the wayside as much traditional work does. But when the technical feat is vital, when scholarship and genius are involved, the labor will make musical history and live long like the old masters.

SAUL J. WHITE.
New Rochelle, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Had economics determined the validity of art in times past there would have been no "Messiah," no "Ring," and no "Sacre du Printemps."*

Boris as Baritone

I ENJOYED Herbert Weinstock's stimulating review of George London's new "Boris Godunov" [*SR*, Sept. 26]. An ardent lover of this opera, I would like to register the following opinion: While Mussorgsky does call Boris "baritone," we should not take this direction too literally; Boris is emphat-

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ically not the same vocal type as, say, Rigoletto!

BARRY FRAUMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are baritones and baritones. Herbert Weinstock recalls George Baklanov as one Boris who conformed to the specifications he had in mind.*

Tapes by Callas

I AM TRYING to assemble tapes of performances by Maria Callas, and I would be most interested in hearing from any of your readers who would like to exchange tapes for some of significance I have received from Europe. I most particularly want to obtain her performances of *Alceste*, *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and *Il Pirata* from La Scala, and *Medea* from Dallas, and *Il Trovatore* with Bjoerling, Stignani, and Bastianini from Chicago, all of which I'm told exist on tape. Any interested readers may contact me at 5411 South Hermitage Avenue, Chicago.

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I would also like to take this opportunity to inquire why your series of articles on "Great Artists of Our Time," which to my knowledge dealt only with Callas, Richter, and Simionato to date, was discontinued.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All that is required is an agreement on the appropriate subject matter.*

DONALD J. EVERS.

Chicago, Ill.

Effinger at Potsdam

IN THE SEPTEMBER 26 issue of *SR*, you say, concerning Effinger (and Imbrie), that "neither has had a work performed on the Eastern seaboard by an orchestra."

I do not know whether we qualify as being Eastern seaboard but we have performed two of Effinger's works here: In May, 1954 we did his "Symphony for chorus and orchestra." At that time, Mr. Effinger was here as well as the poet, Thomas Ferral, whose poetry was set by C. E. Later, in December 1957, we performed the St. Luke's Christmas Story for chorus and orchestra.

Your estimate of his work is echoed here by all of us, who have become very fond of this man's singular ability without pretense or "show."

SAMUEL W. SPURBECK,
Professor of Music,
State University College.

Potsdam, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We welcome the addition to the Effinger file. The reference, of course, was to one of the prominent professional orchestras.*

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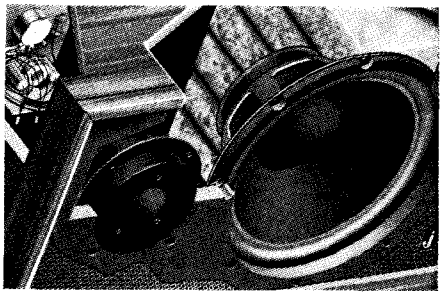

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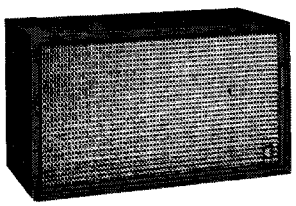

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Automation

Continued from page 16

ployees on the same salaried standard that prevails almost universally for white-collar and professional employees. With the steady upsurge in the proportion of white-collar and technical workers in industry, the shift is long overdue.

Questions far outrun answers in every aspect of the steel union plan. How, for example, can the many hundreds of small fabricating plants in steel be expected to undertake sweeping job guarantees without torpedoing their own solvency? Even if all the smaller units in the industry contributed to a pooled fund, the chances of underwriting lifetime assurances of jobs and income would be microscopic. This would be even more true if technological trends confronted them with the necessity for a shakeout of personnel at a rate comparable to that in coal or the railroads.

THE probable outcome of the campaign for commitments only large companies, with diversified operations and massive capital, could hope to fulfil would be an acceleration of the concentration of corporate power not only in steel but in other major industries subjected to similar union drives. The speed with which centralization already is proceeding was indicated, quite by accident, in the month-long strike that halted General Motors auto production this year.

When the United Auto Workers struck General Motors for 119 days shortly after V-J Day, it called out all production workers in all plants. The stoppage was total so far as G.M. went, but it had no effect on output at either Ford or Chrysler. This year the UAW had to exempt forty-one of the 130 G.M. plants from its strike call, not because they were less involved in the strike issues than the eighty-nine other plants but because the parts they made were vital to Ford and Chrysler. In the nineteen years between the two strikes so many independent producers of parts and accessories have been absorbed into G.M. and its own operations have become so ramified that a company-wide strike in G.M. would have compelled its competitors to shut their own assembly lines almost at once. So the union allowed part of G.M. to keep operating so that the two companies that were capitalizing on the strike could cut into its huge market.

The counterpoise, of course, to this story of the interaction of a giant company and a giant union is that the G.M. strike also made it plain that the rank and file in all the mass-production unions is getting increasingly restive at its submergence in industry-wide or company-wide collective agreements, negotiated from the top down with little reference to distinctive local problems.

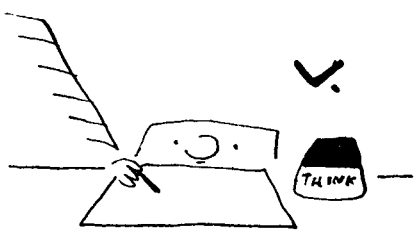
The result at G.M. was a weird cross between national and local bargaining, in which there was no national issue justifying a walkout of even five minute's duration. Local officials, with grievances ranging from the lack of doors on toilet stalls to defects in shift preference arrangements, insisted on the shutdown of the world's largest manufacturing corporation as a means of exerting a maximum squeeze for favorable action on the things that were bothering their members most.

It took a full month to satisfy enough locals on enough issues to get a back-to-work vote, and even then disaffection was so strong in most of the plants housing final assembly lines that only about one-quarter of normal car production could be restored. This topsy-turvy application of national bargaining puts a premium on local militancy and makes it difficult for any locals to agree to anything for fear another local will get something more.

However, a runaway strike over local issues in 1961 left no doubt in the minds of the UAW's national leaders that they would simply be inviting anarchy if they did not provide a united front this year behind which the seekers after local advantage could go their chaotic ways. In Ford a month and a half after the national pact had been signed nine locals still had no agreement and a strike was authorized in their plants.

Similar local unrest over plant grievances, coupled with grumbling about the remoteness of top officers, has been manifest in steel. This dissension will undoubtedly find some expression in the revolt against McDonald. In general, this has been a rough year for union presidents—a group whose job security is usually as rocklike as that of the most entrenched industrial executives.

What is developing is a conflict between the individual worker's desire for a strengthened sense that he is the center of his union and the inevitable trend toward impersonality, bureaucracy, and a global view in big unions set up to balance the size of big corporations. The whole philosophic tenet of the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin labor reform laws is in the direction of greater internal democracy. But to the extent that this means long and bitter strikes on a national basis over such questions as whether management should pay for coveralls for workers in messy jobs, even those who inveigh most persistently against the evils of "union monopoly" may find themselves hankering for a resurgence of central power in preference to the instability and often irresponsibility of an unbridled rank and file. Such constructive innovations in bargaining as steel's Human Relations Committee, where the complex problems created by automation can be discussed on a year-round basis without the club of strike deadlines, are likely to become casualties of the present movement to put the individual member back in the driver's seat.



IF there is no simple answer to where a proper demarcation line can be drawn between the needs of society and industry for peaceful, responsible labor relations and the worker's right to make his union fully responsive to his desires, similarly there is none on how far the drive for lifetime job security can be carried without making its social costs outweigh its individual and group benefits.

Perhaps the most compelling of the social limitations the drive raises is its necessary incompleteness. Quite apart from the rigidity it introduces into the industrial structure in a period of such dynamic transition, any protective arrangement erected through bargaining must be confined to those who have jobs. It does nothing for those who want jobs and cannot find them. The excluded—especially the youth, white and Negro, clamoring for a chance to pry their way into an overfull job market—find ever higher walls being built around the work place to keep them out.

Even the cost of such fringe benefits as early retirement, industrial sabbaticals, and supplemental unemployment benefits carried to the level of full-income guarantees becomes an additional deterrent to taking on workers. The magnitude of the fringe burden already makes it more economical in many instances to hold down the total number employed, even if this necessitates constant overtime for those already on the payroll. If each new worker becomes a lifetime corporate obligation, the employer's disposition will be to exercise maximum restraint in adding any.

All of which points up again that the soundest road to total security for all workers lies in a full-employment economy. Labor, pleased by the overwhelming success scored by the candidates it backed in the Presidential and Congressional elections this year, can do most to promote security for its members and for all Americans by concentrating much of its job drive on political action to assure that joblessness will finally come down from the level of 5 per cent or more at which it has been frozen for six years.

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Publishing

Continued from page 17

he intended to show that our entire list was pornographic. At one point he shook a finger at me and asked: "You are aware that de Maupassant is considered the greatest erotic writer in French literature, are you not?" I replied that I was not aware of that view and did not so consider him. Here my young counsel, Osmond K. Fraenkel, interposed: "De Maupassant translated by Mrs. John Galsworthy can hardly be called obscene." To which Mr. Van Casteel replied with a straight face: "I never knew that the respectable marital relations of a translator had anything to do with the moral quality of the work."

Through the interposition of a partner in the firm of lawyers that represented my father who turned out to be a director of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the charges were withdrawn and Mr. Sumner convinced that I was really an upstanding and decent young man. But there seemed no point in continuing to offer for sale a book that people would now buy only out of curiosity because they knew it had been brought into court and consequently regarded it as dirty. So we withdrew it and melted the plates.

IN respect to censorship, things are very different today. It is now almost impossible to publish a book that can be convicted in a court of law of violating any criminal statute. I should feel happier about this than I do, for I have always felt that a civilized person could take only one position with regard to censorship—to be against it in every known form. Who is fit to be the censor? You censor my book today and next year I will censor yours. It comes down, it seems to me, to a matter of taste, and this you cannot legislate. And so you see shockingly bad taste displayed by many authors and publishers today. But while you realize that they are placing an undue burden on the courts and may someday bring about a horrible legal backlash, you can only philosophically grin and bear it and take comfort in the belief that time will dispose of the worthless books.

From the very beginning we have frequently been asked the meaning of the word "Borzoi" and what it has to do with books. When I started in business the publisher I admired most was London's William Heinemann, and the sign of a Heinemann book was a windmill, drawn for him, I think, by William Nicholson. Since a windmill obviously had nothing to do with books, I saw no reason why we could not adopt the Borzoi as our mark. We had an alliterative trademark that was calculated to provoke curiosity. Knopf is a difficult name for many people to pronounce, and I felt there might be an advantage in having two strings, so to speak, to the bow of our imprint. Now everyone in the trade knows how few people ever remember the name of the publisher of any book. I think we have been more successful than any of our contemporaries in breaking down this ignorance. The letters I have received over the years from unknown correspondents on this point have been many and flattering, frequently to the point of exaggeration, as when the correspondent says that he is always safe in buying a Borzoi book, that all Borzoi books are good books, and such nonsense. Of course we know better. Nevertheless, I think a letter like this, which I received not too long ago from a complete stranger in one of the smaller cities of Texas, tends to justify our position:

> I have just received my anniversary issue of *Saturday Review*. Reaching page 72 I found an old friend: Borzoi. [This was our advertisement in that issue.] And, on page 131 John Tebbel introduced me to his master.
>
> I recall that when I was in my late teens (and that's quite some time ago) and was just beginning to be particular about what I read, and certainly what I *bought* to read, my criterion was whether it was published by Knopf. Friends thought I was a bit odd in this—who ever heard of selecting a book either by its appearance or its publisher! But, until I had cut my reading teeth so to speak, I did just that. A book published by Knopf was the one I selected at the library. Now that I "know you" I want to thank you for your help then—and still today.

You will notice that this correspondent speaks of being attracted to our books by their appearance. Over the years hundreds and hundreds of readers have taken time to write me about how much they liked the way our books were designed. Well, I didn't design them after the first three or four years and I deserve credit only for hiring good men, giving them a free hand, and supporting them if, as often happened, the author wasn't as keen about their work as I was. With a single notable exception, I always felt able to tell the author that the designer had not interfered with his writing of the book, and would he please not try to interfere with, say, Mr. Dwiggins's plans for its production. That exception was *Life with Father*. Clarence Day didn't like what Dwiggins proposed for it, and I thought it was the part of wisdom not to try to press Clarence to accept something he didn't like. The result, I must confess, is that *Life with Father* was one of the most undistinguished-*looking* books we ever published. But Clarence liked it.

When I came into the business my god was Frederic W. Goudy. I admired everything he did. I didn't realize that he was fundamentally a designer of typefaces and not of books. In those very early days Claude Bragdon, a very good architect—he was responsible for the New York Central Railroad Station in Rochester, where he lived—invented what he called Projective Ornament, a system based on the projection on flat surfaces of three-dimensional designs that were interesting, attractive, and made more so by the brilliant colors he used. He supplied us with bindings, wrappers, and end-papers. But then one

"I'm through competing."

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day Elmer Adler moved to New York from Rochester, showed me the difference between Goudy and Bruce Rogers, set me to collecting B.R. in quite a big way, and persuaded me to give work to Dwig, as he was always known. The result was a unique association between a trade publisher and a designer and a collection of books unsurpassed in number, each interesting and attractive both inside and out and most of the time with jackets also by W.A.D. Meanwhile, my good friends Warren Chappell and George Salter came along, and have lent their brilliant personal stamp to many of our books. And there is our own Guy Fleming. On rarer occasions, but welcome ones, we have been able to persuade Herbert Bayer (authors never seem to like what he does, but I do), Rudolph Ruzicka, Paul Rand, and Carl Hertzog to lend us a hand. Publishing books designed by these distinguished men has given me great pleasure and satisfaction, but I am convinced that over the years their work has had a not entirely inconsequential effect on our sales.

A YEAR AGO at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions I engaged in a three-cornered discussion of publishing with Harry Ashmore, that courageous Little Rock editor who is now one of the top executives of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and with W. H. Ferry, vice president of the center. Mr. Ashmore felt that the old-fashioned publishing house, "the book publisher who operates in the grand tradition"—and he very flatteringly included my firm as a notable example—now appears very different from the publishing industry as a whole, where he felt, and correctly, that a bureaucracy was growing up with a resulting diffusion of responsibility. He was thinking of the mergers that had recently taken place and of the number of publishers who had sold stock in their companies to the public. This happened, I think, because some bright young fellow on Wall Street discovered the population explosion and realized that millions and millions of babies would soon be going to elementary school and in decreasing but still enormous numbers to high school, college, and finally graduate schools. They would all have to use books along the way and, *presto*, book publishing became that darling of the speculator of only a few years back, a *growth* industry. So the public—and, I might add, some investment trusts that should have known better—snapped up at inflated prices every stock in a publishing house that was offered. But please remember that the Street was not much interested in the kind of book we are considering here—the trade book addressed to the general reader and sold almost exclusively in book and department stores.

To be sure, when such books are best-sellers they supply glamour—become the icing on the cake. But the real profits lay in the textbook end of the business. Many people viewed this public ownership and these mergers as threatening the whole nature of publishing lists. After all, stockholders would want to receive bigger and bigger dividends and to see the price of their shares go up and up. If this didn't happen they would surely exercise pressure on management to alter existing programs. They wouldn't care about quality, since frequently the poorest books made the most money. Well, up to now things haven't worked out that way. The merger with which I am most familiar is of course that of Knopf into Random House, Inc, of which we are a wholly owned subsidiary. This merger, which took place nearly five years ago, has not affected in the slightest degree our editorial policy. We have continued, without any interference whatever, to publish what we have wanted to publish, and the design and production and advertising and promotion of our books have been in our hands. We and we alone have been responsible for our mistakes, which, alas, have always been, and I suspect always will be, many.

And I think it would be very difficult to adduce evidence that any merger has resulted in the production of more books of poor quality than would have happened had the merger never taken place. It is of course quite fair to say that this is all very well, since publishers are making money these days. What will happen if business turns sour, dividends shrink, and publishing stocks sell at much lower prices (most but not all *do* sell at much lower prices than they realized three years ago)?

So I end where I began. I recognize that to younger men and women I'm an old fogy, just as when I was young the age group to which I now belong seemed to me to be made up of old fogies. But somehow I believe I was right then and am right now; that times change and men deteriorate (I'm only an echo of what I think I was fifty years ago), and *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Make your choice.

Editorial

(*Continued from page* 18)

ments between political enemies. It calls for a world organization capable of sustaining universal membership and strong enough to pierce the national sovereignty barrier in those matters of common danger and concern to the people who inhabit this earth. Man in his corporate identity comes before the nation. If this sounds revolutionary, place the blame on those who gave the idea its most powerful impetus—men like Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Rousseau, Milton, John Stuart Mill.

The most effective policy that the United States can adopt toward the Chinese, therefore, is to make the cause of a strong United Nations the fundamental objective of our foreign policy. China's threat to world peace is reduced in direct proportion to the development of the United Nations—not just as an effective peace-keeping mechanism but as a repository of the hopes of people everywhere for a better world.

Are we expecting too much of the United Nations? We are if we think that the U.N. should tag along as a secondary factor in world affairs. But if we have a concept of the U.N. as a source of workable world law and justice, then our expectations are not excessive. Obviously, such a U.N. will not come into being overnight. But at least the acceptance of world law as the objective creates a positive momentum even as it establishes a new context for international affairs.

As it concerns China's relationship to the United Nations, it is possible that the debate over Chinese admission to the U.N. has missed the real point. The real question is not whether China should come into the U.N. but rather what kind of U.N. China should come into. World momentum for making the U.N. a universal body is growing. At some point, perhaps soon, there will be a decision for including China. That is why it is all the more important that no time be lost in equipping the U.N. with the kind of structure and authority adequate to universal membership. This clearly means a buildup of responsible and balanced authority in the U.N.

It is not reasonable to suppose that China would constitute more of a threat inside such a strengthened U.N. than it would outside it. In any event, the U.N. is the proper forum for the pursuit of all vital issues concerning the peace—whether with respect to disarmament, peace-keeping machinery, aid programs, or resource development.

All these ventures take time. They require planning, special effort, moral imagination. If we have a respite of a few years, the time to start moving is now. —N.C.

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(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 71)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1599

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Consume a liquid completely (same meaning as WORD E, though apparently opposite; 3 wds.).	19 81 56 154 202 44 172 23 94
B. Amelia in France.	5 45 174 22 99 198
C. A process by which one gets a developable image on a sensitive plate without exposure to light.	57 136 95 217 80 144 69 113 152 204
D. Sacred; undefiled.	209 59 107 213 221 160 38 110 18
E. See WORD A (3 wds.).	25 68 159 2 145 181 194 185 14 186 137
F. Acc'g to Hilaire Belloc, the other thing "worth the wear of winning" along with the love of friends.	130 224 134 55 65 74 96 117
G. Where to find "the angels" who are exhorted to "Praise Him!" (Kempthorne's *Hymn For Foundling Apprentices*, 1796; 3 wds.).	188 182 139 111 121 156 87 163 116 36 64
H. Likely to be hemmed in by the rabble.	119 106 21 120 88 128 92 195
I. Something often under, or within, one's mattress.	28 206 171 207 223 201 82 52 71
J. Not brought to a stop; allowed to proceed.	200 61 13 183 189 151 179 73
K. Group of digits repeated in a circulating decimal.	212 190 168 192 126 203 102 216
L. Traditional cry of the displeased Bowery audience on amateur night (3 wds.).	161 146 37 222 197 141 75 133 93 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Attitude manifesting devoted allegiance, obedience, supplication, etc. (3 wds.).	20 103 49 187 108 46 4 124 175
N. Made a noise like a hen *calling her chicks.*	3 191 143 32 53 10 138
O. Nickname for the aged Britisher, supposed to have been 152 when exhibited at court by the Earl of Arundel, 1635 (2 wds.).	15 166 148 91 208 27 48
P. Delightful contemporary writer, erstwhile editor of *Punch.*	86 34 60 123 112 177 78 210 42 66
Q. Small coin, rendered even less valuable, commonly mentioned in early U.S. humor (2 wds.).	165 115 176 35 122 76 97 109 58 211 9 129 41
R. A gas fuel for the welding blowpipe.	85 63 180 50 147 125 8 1 70 131 24
S. Pettifogger (U.S. slang).	219 104 11 31 199 72 162
T. Insolent, disrespectful manner (2 wds.).	114 214 39 7 67 62 89 196 12 51 225
U. Next duty after harvesting the great U.S. grain crop (3 wds.).	142 84 43 170 30 173 135 205 215 16 140 105 193 155
V. Obstruction.	149 83 169 157 90 118 164 26 184 6
W. A snake.	127 77 98 101 150 40 33 220
X. Son of Achilles who, after his father's death, joined the forces against Troy.	17 218 167 158 132 47 79 153 100 29 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 R	2 E	3 N	4 M		5 B		6 V	7 T	8 R	9 Q	10 N	11 S
	12 T	13 J	14 E		15 O	16 U	17 X	18 D	19 A		20 M		21 H	22 B	23 A	24 R	25 E
26 V	27 O	28 I	29 X	30 U	31 S		32 N	33 W	34 P	35 Q	36 G	37 L		38 D		39 T	40 W
41 Q	42 P	43 U	44 A	45 B		46 M	47 X	48 O		49 M	50 R	51 T	52 I	53 N	54 X	55 F	56 A
57 C	58 Q	59 D	60 P		61 J	62 T	63 R	64 G		65 F	66 P		67 T	68 E	69 C	70 R	71 I
72 S	73 J		74 F	75 L	76 Q		77 W	78 P	79 X	80 C	81 A	82 I	83 V		84 U	85 R	86 P
87 G		88 H	89 T	90 V		91 O	92 H	93 L	94 A	95 C	96 F	97 Q		98 W	99 B	100 X	
101 W	102 K		103 M	104 S	105 U		106 H	107 D	108 M	109 Q		110 D	111 G	112 P		113 C	114 T
115 Q	116 G	117 F	118 V	119 H		120 H	121 G	122 Q	123 P	124 M	125 R		126 K	127 W		128 H	129 Q
	130 F	131 R	132 X		133 L	134 F	135 U		136 C	137 E	138 N		139 G	140 U	141 L		142 U
143 N	144 C	145 E	146 L	147 R		148 O	149 V	150 W		151 J	152 C	153 X	154 A		155 U	156 G	157 V
	158 X	159 E	160 D	161 L	162 S	163 G	164 V		165 Q	166 O	167 X	168 K	169 V	170 U	171 I		172 A
173 U	174 B		175 M	176 Q	177 P	178 L	179 J	180 R		181 E	182 G		183 J	184 V	185 E		186 E
187 M	188 G	189 J	190 K		191 N	192 K		193 U	194 E	195 H		196 T	197 L	198 B		199 S	200 J
201 I	202 A	203 K	204 C		205 U	206 I		207 I	208 O	209 D	210 P		211 Q	212 K	213 D	214 T	215 U
	216 K	217 C	218 X	219 S		220 W	221 D	222 L		223 I	224 F	225 T					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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